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THE NEW REPUBLIC

A Journal of Politics and the Arts – December 25, 1971, 50 cents

Agreement on Berlin

Hans J. Morgenthau

Mondale of Minnesota — *Robert Coles*

"Lesser" Democrats — *Ken Bode*

Shooting Santa Claus — *John Osborne*

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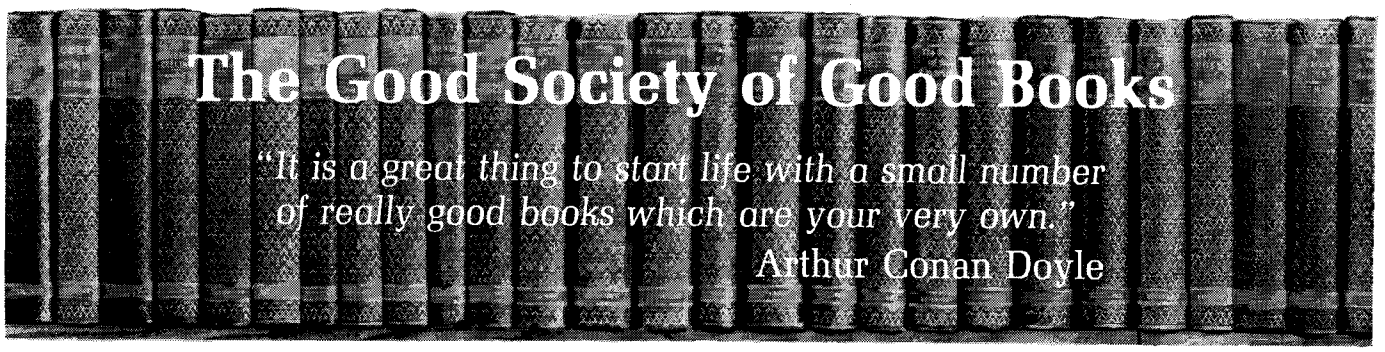
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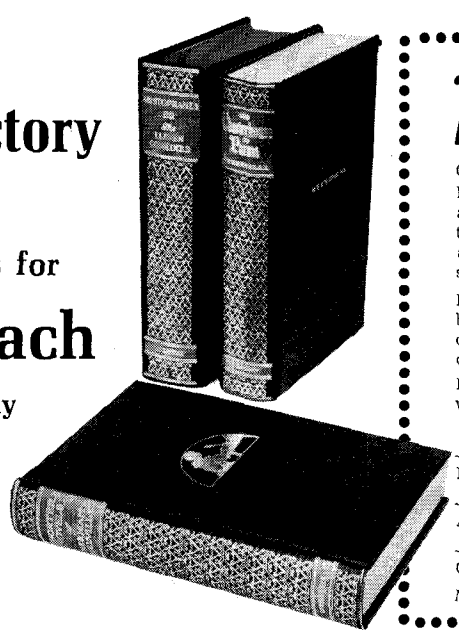

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TRB

from South Lee ®

Memories of Christmas

It was Christmas Eve up in South Lee, NH, many years ago and my mother felt abused.

Here she was left all alone in an empty house with nobody there but Anna and Edna cuddled up together in the spool bedstead upstairs and Georgie under his featherbed and Bertha smiling in her sleep with Button, the rag doll beside her, and all sleeping soundly because they knew that she, Mary Susan, was looking after them so competently. She was 10. The Leavitt's *Farmer's Almanac*, Number 81, for the year 1877, had just arrived at Plumer's store.

She had held the barn doors for Pa and Ma and Laura with a rather left-outish look. Pa wrapped the hot soapstones in cloth and then the *Newmarket Advertiser* and placed them on the floor of the sleigh. He made a final quick circuit of the barn to see the critters were all right and then the three wedged themselves in the one seat under the buffalo robe. It was too bad to leave Mary Susan, of course, but they must say goodbye to the minister over at the meeting house at Lee Hill. The steel runners dragged on the barn floor, bounced across the sill, and then touched the snow outside as easily and noiselessly as a boat that has been dragged over the beach suddenly lifts with a wave.

Now, here in the kitchen, Susie heard the clock above the woodbox ping hurriedly eleven times. What a way to pass Christmas Eve! This was the night the whole world celebrated, even far off places like Moscow and Detroit and California (where, the rumor was, they didn't have snow); the night the cattle knelt in their stalls, the night the stockings were filled – six pairs of them by the stove. She had never been up so late in her life before. But even if she stayed awake another hour there would be nobody there to share the solemn joy; on all the Lang farm only she and the cattle were awake.

Mary Susan put down her book and paused. The cattle . . . This was Christmas Eve. There would be the cows, and Old Nell, and of course the pigs under the barn if you wanted to count those, but the old legends were rather reserved about pigs. There were the hens, too, of course, and the sheep up the hill. This was the night you could almost feel was different. In big cities, in Boston, they were sitting up now, waiting and feeling as she did. She had never been to Boston but she knew that in the big streets and in the homes with chandeliers lit by gas they were celebrating the thing that had happened eighteen hundred and seventy-seven years ago. All the world shared it. Even the cattle that knelt at midnight.

Mary Susan picked up Topsy, who suddenly began purring automatically, put her down, got up, broke a sulphur match off its stick, lit the lantern, put on her scarf and cape and then walked down the long ell that connected the little white house to the big barn behind.

The stars were as big as lamps. White covered everything. Over by the fence a last summer's thistle shivered in the wind. The night was taut with cold.

As she entered the barn the rich pungent smell assailed her senses – a smell of animal warmth and security, of meal and clean hay, of ammonia and contentment. Shadows danced with her lantern and for a moment startled her but then Old Nell whinnied and stamped inquiringly from beside Zeno's empty stall. The cows just stared and went on with their chewing. A couple were down on their sides but most of them were standing, looking at her in a long line, inspecting her like ladies at church.

Pa kept the place clean and swept. Mary Susan noticed the hurry in which he had left by the spilled grain at the food bin. He was proud of the place. The light caught the bright harness rings against the wall and the tines of forks. The hay mows rose right up to the hand-hewn, pegged rafters, a wonderful place to jump.

There was a good smell here, too, all the good things about a farm, hay and grain and manure, leather harness and stall dressing, the sweet breath of cattle and last summer's meadow clover.

Mary Susan felt a little shy. She looked covertly at the cattle as the shadows jumped. Did they give a sign? It was hard to say. In a way it was like a church only more mysterious and impressive. It would be a little time yet. She hung the lantern on a peg and climbed into the pung, under the robe. The bells on the shaft jingled as she entered.

Now it was quiet in the barn except for the cows munching and Old Nell showing her concern at old Zeno's empty stall and the unaccustomed lantern light.

Nothing much happened then, except (my mother told me afterward), after a while she had an odd feeling that the barn was changing. There were the nicest smells. All the best odors of the farm – apple blossoms, and the oven door when Ma took out the bread, and the fine smell of molasses on flat cakes, and the syringa buzzing with bees in spring and that cool, mossy smell of the spring house on an August day.

And then she thought she heard a humming, or music, or something. It wasn't exactly a tune, it was all the best sounds of the world – rain on the roof, or Mrs. Bartlett playing the parlor organ, or the baby chuckling over Button, or the fiddle at the barn dance, or people singing at night as you drove by the meeting house, or the sound that brought your heart right up into your throat – the honking of geese going north in a wedge in spring. Or maybe just the little songs Ma hummed in the kitchen.

All this time the light seemed to be increasing. It centered down on Old Nell. She was standing quietly there now, as though waiting. There was a kind of joyous expectancy in the barn as the light flooded out from the stall beside her, from Zeno's place and the empty manger.

My mother says that there was a stir down the line of cattle and a movement of hoofs and then suddenly somebody picked her up, buffalo robe and all, and held her in his big arms. It was Pa. He was tall and strong, with a beard, and some people thought he was forbidding but now he looked anxious. Laura and Ma were peering at her, too.

"Susie, what are you doing in the barn as late as this?" he demanded. "My gracious; why, it's after midnight on Christmas morning!"

"I know, I know," said Mary Susan drowsily. She was going to tell them about the cattle but she fell asleep.

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Goodwill Toward Women

There will be no federally financed day-care centers in our stockings this season. In vetoing a comprehensive child development program that had been approved by Congress, the President said that he had nothing against government-sponsored day care for the poor, and that indeed his proposed welfare plan calls for spending three-quarters of a billion dollars on day-care centers, thus making it possible for poor mothers to "leave the welfare rolls to go on the payrolls." To make that service available to all mothers, however, was something else again, even if parents paid what they could afford for the service; we ought not to commit the "vast moral authority of the national government to the side of communal approaches to child rearing over against the family-centered approach." The President wants to "enhance rather than diminish both parental authority and parental involvement with children – particularly in those decisive early years when social attitudes and a conscience are formed, and religious and moral principles are first inculcated." In brief, the place for women, non-poor women that is, is in the home with their youngsters.

Perhaps it is, but women don't seem to think so, or always can't afford to think so. The census shows that 43 percent of adult women have jobs (31,560,000). Where are their children? According to the Day Care and Child Development Council of America, as many as 600,000 children of working mothers are left to care for themselves; more than 70 percent of working mothers with pre-school children leave them in unlicensed facilities or with friends, neighbors or older children. In many instances, that may be quite a congenial arrangement. In many others, it is not. At any rate, the vetoed legislation would not have forced day care on anyone; it would have made it available, along with health and nutrition services on a voluntary basis. No one has suggested wresting children from their mothers' arms and, as in Sparta, packing them off to communal camps.

So is the President a male chauvinist? Of course he is, as are the editors of *The New Republic* (see Correspondence). But we are all being pushed to the wall by a no longer silent majority. Thus, the National Women's Political Caucus, which is seeking to expand women's political consciousness, has "served notice on all Representatives in Congress" that it intends to make support of day care for children "a condition for reelection in 1972." That applies to presi-

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dential politics, too, a fact that has not gone unrecognized by the candidates. Senator Muskie, for one, is making quite a point of equal rights for women. "The National Women's Political Caucus," he says, "must be heard and heeded by both parties." The women's rights movement of the seventies wants equal time. It doesn't expect to get it without a fight. True, the Supreme Court a few weeks ago ruled that women are covered by the equal protection clause of the Fourteenth Amendment – a right the Court long ago extended to blacks, Chinese laundrymen and Japanese fishermen. But the Justices' ruling was limited to the particular case before it: all it said was that an obscure Idaho law, which favors men over women to administer estates, is "arbitrary" and unreasonable.

Minutes after the Chief Justice had delivered that 7-0 decision, a Senate subcommittee rejected an equal rights amendment, which the House had passed in October by a 354-23 vote. The House had said that "equality of rights under the law shall not be abridged by the US or any state on account of sex." The Senate subcommittee thought this went too far; discrimination "based on physiological or functional differences" is not objectionable. Then the House, after its brave, earlier stand on sex equality, defeated a proposal which would have barred widespread discrimination against women in college admissions. Well, say the militant feminists, what else do you expect when only 12 women sit among 422 male colleagues in the House, and when the Senate has one female member. That's the way it is – in business, the unions, the universities, and in politics. Only 1.3 percent of the mayors of cities over 25,000 are women, 1.7 percent of the policymakers in the federal government, and less than five percent of the state legislators. That's as of now, and we can be sure the ratio is going to change.

"I now pronounce you man and Ms."

Enter Rep. Bella Abzug, the outspoken activist from Manhattan. She and other women's rights advocates, including Gloria Steinem, Betty Friedan and Ladonna Harris, are the leaders of the National Women's Political Caucus. Their campaign is markedly different from the more discreet efforts of such groups as the League of Women Voters or the National Organization of Women. Rep. Abzug has been barnstorming the country, speaking and organizing. "First," she says, "we need a power base in as many states as possible, to get recognition, get elected and appointed to offices." The caucus counts 30 states with active chapters, and at least five more are targets for organization. Some, like Michigan, Florida and Kentucky, have held statewide conventions, pointing toward a national convention in Washington next April. These women aren't claiming a right, they're using it to get power.

When Abzug first came to Congress, the Vice President said the only thing to fear from her was the possibility she might wear hot pants. The remark was not only tasteless but wrong. It was Abzug who initiated a letter, signed by all the congresswomen, asking the President to appoint a woman to the Supreme Court (he has appointed 200 women to other "top" government posts, largely on various museum advisory boards). It was she who tacked on an antisex discrimination clause to the public works act of 1971, the first such provision on a federal program. It was she, along with Mississippi black leader Fannie Lou Hamer and other caucus members, who met with National Democratic Committee chairman Lawrence O'Brien and demanded a majority of women delegates at the Democratic convention next summer; who reminded him that two women are running for the 1972 Democratic presidential nomination – Shirley Chisholm and Patsy Mink – and that while women are 52 percent of the voting age population, they accounted for only 13 percent of the delegates at the '68 convention. O'Brien and other party leaders responded by urging state and local party officials to recruit more women delegates, so that there will be "reasonable" representation in Miami Beach. But that may not be enough for Abzug: "If we don't feel the delegations have made a serious effort to comply, there are going to be some credential challenges." At the very least. "Some politicians are starting to wake up," one staff member who works for the National Women's Political Caucus says, "we'll give the others a kick." We have ordered our supply of shin guards; we recommend them to the White House and Congress.

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Loophole Spying

Is the Defense Department still playing I Spy? We aren't sure. We know it accumulated millions of files on organizations and individuals; that agents infiltrated the Black Panthers and church ski clubs; that it spied on Abbie Hoffman and former governor Otto Kerner (presumably the army was interested in matters unrelated to Kerner's race track activities for which he was indicted last week). A classified document obtained recently by *The Phoenix*, a Boston weekly, reveals that army agents also kept tabs on labor leaders and unions. We know that the army stored its dossiers (crosslisted in 90 ways) in computer banks which could instantly provide information on an individual's financial status and sexual habits.

Six months ago, Sen. Sam Ervin (D, NC) wrote defense officials asking for details they had failed to provide at hearings last March before his subcommittee on constitutional rights. He has had no helpful answers and now realizes he won't get any. "They've [DOD officials] told us, in effect, they are finished talking with us," reports committee chief counsel Lawrence Baskir.

The army began snooping on civilians back in the 1920's, during the Red Scare, but the current operation dates to the early 60s, at the time of the first civil rights marches. Then in May 1968, an Information Collection Plan was devised to cope with "civil disturbances." That plan, according to Secretary of the Army Robert Froehlke, was "so comprehensive" that it sanctioned "any category of information related even remotely to people or organizations active in a community," where the army thought "the potential for a riot or disorder was present." Agents reported painstakingly on churchgoers who, in Sen. Ervin's words, "don't seem to have done anything except worship God."

The full extent of the operation reportedly became known to then Under Secretary of the Army, David McGiffert, around December 1968. Two months later, he issued a memorandum ordering intelligence commanders to sharply reduce spying, and prohibiting any "covert" intelligence gathering unless he specifically approved it. But *The Phoenix* document, a detailed intelligence plan, is dated April 23, 1969. The reason for the delay, Mr. Froehlke explained last spring, was that the army spent all of 1969 deciding how to carry out McGiffert's orders, so "full implementation of the memorandum . . . was held in abeyance." It was certainly "held in abeyance" during the November 1969 moratorium demonstration. At one rally in Washington, according to an army intelligence analyst, "there were more army people than Carter has pills." The McGiffert order notwithstanding, by 1970, says former intelligence officer Christopher Pyle, "army intelligence was in high gear."

Pyle made this charge in a January 1970 article in *The Washington Monthly*, and after its publication there was some action. In February, the army assistant joint chief of staff for intelligence ordered the US Army Intelligence Command to destroy its giant computer data banks at Ft. Holabird, Md. On April 1, the army "advised" the Continental US Army Command, which had directed a separate but similar operation, to destroy *its* computer data banks at Ft. Monroe, Va. Finally, on June 9, 1970, the army issued a grand order, which said little more than McGiffert's order of 16 months earlier, ending not only the computer operations but future army spying as well. To make sure Congress was listening, the Defense Department issued another order on March 1 of this year (one day before DOD officials testified before the Ervin subcommittee) prohibiting civilian spying by every service.

But have all the military computer data banks and intelligence files on civilians been destroyed? Former army general counsel Robert Jordan told Ervin he didn't even know the Ft. Holabird computer existed until he read Pyle's article in *The Washington Monthly*, after which he went to Ft. Holabird to investigate. Intelligence officials there told him they had no such computer. Jordan later found, of course, that they did (it was the mechanized brain of army intelligence), and asked if any other intelligence computer data banks existed. Again, the officials said no, but Jordan later spotted the Ft. Monroe computer, and discovered that the Third Army in Ft. Hood, Texas had its *own* computer to keep tabs on activists in Rocky Mountain states. Last spring, *The New York Times* got its hands on a computer printout which suggests that the army's Pentagon-level Counterintelligence Analysis Division has a fourth computer data bank, with perhaps the old information in different form. And Ervin's investigators believe the Pentagon's domestic "war room," Civil Disturbance Planning and Operations, has yet another.

Destroying the computer data banks doesn't destroy raw intelligence, filed in each of the army's 300 local intelligence offices across the country. Ervin nagged army officials until they assured him that those files, too, would be destroyed. There is some doubt that they have been. Intelligence agents report that "patriotic" colleagues saved their files from the pyre. The army promised to destroy the Compendium, a two-volume "blacklist" of organizations and individuals whom the army considers subversive, but one agent reports that "the orders didn't say burn the information, just destroy the Compendium." He microfilmed it. Froehlke claims that all copies of the Compendium were burned – except 12. The Chicago intelligence unit turned over its thick SDS and Weathermen folders to the Chicago police department.

Actually, the army has been distributing its secret intelligence rather promiscuously. Ft. Holabird sent daily, even hourly reports (1200 a month) over teletype to

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army commands in Alaska, Hawaii, Europe and Panama; to federal agencies like the FBI and CIA; and "undoubtedly to state and local agencies," says Froehlke: "it's impossible" to say the files were destroyed. In any event, the army has only said it was destroying files related to "civil disturbance" intelligence. The army classifies intelligence in other ways. So while the civil disturbance file on the NAACP may have been burned the same file may appear under another heading. "There is some information kept on almost [any] conceivable organization somewhere," DOD general counsel J. Fred Buzhardt told Ervin.

The Pentagon's March 1971 order forbids "collecting, reporting, processing, and storing information" on nonmilitary civilians – *except for operations related to civil disturbances*, which is precisely what all the army spying has been about. DOD thinks the exception contains an important safeguard, so important that Froehlke repeated it twice: "There shall be no covert or otherwise deceptive surveillance," he told Ervin. But Froehlke did not emphasize the next clause: *"unless specifically authorized by the Secretary of Defense or his designee"*; or the next clause, which allows any local commander to order covert spying if he decides there's not enough time to ask for prior approval. In any case, Froehlke admitted there is "a rather obscure demarcation" between "covert" and "direct" intelligence gathering. The army's June 1970 order said pretty much the same thing, to little effect: four months later, army agents were still filing reports on a Free Angela Davis rally in Madison, Wisconsin. The DOD order also prohibits computerized data banks on civilians or organizations, again, *"unless authorized"* by the secretary or a designee.

Secretary of Defense Melvin Laird says that we have nothing to fear, because under the latest DOD policy a top *civilian* official (himself) is in control. But top civilians knew about the spying operations long before McGiffert reportedly first became concerned back in December 1968. "The highest levels of civilian officials" participated "in planning and direction of the Information Collection Plan," Froehlke told Ervin. "Even in the detailed planning . . . both the White House and the Department of Justice had representatives."

Mr. Baskir, the Ervin subcommittee chief counsel, believes the army may have slowed down the operation for the time being. A Defense Investigative Review Council has been flying to intelligence field offices around the country to see if DOD's new orders are being followed. But DOD spokesman Robert Andrews won't tell the Senate subcommittee what it is finding, except that field performance is "uneven."

Ervin says he'll give the Pentagon until the middle of January to tell the whole army spying story – and then he'll send out subpoenas. Ervin could help if he published the army hearing transcripts so the public could read them. They've gathered dust since March.

C-5A, Go Away

What can you do about an airplane that develops wing cracks, loses engines and runs $2 billion over its promised cost? You can study it. That's what the Air Force intends to do with its C-5A transport plane for the next 12 months, at a public expenditure of $3.5 million. The Pentagon announced in late November that it had decided to set 130 specialists to work on an enormous review, headed by an Air Force technical adviser and by F. A. Cleveland, former chief engineer of the Lockheed plant in Marietta, Ga., where the planes are built. If the C-5A had just begun to show problems, or if it had never been reviewed before, the project might seem routine. But this plane has experienced many failures and studies in the past, and none of them has produced a significant change.

The C-5A is the world's biggest airplane and the Air Force's biggest headache since the F-111, the one that occasionally lost wings in mid-flight. Unlike that plane, the C-5A is not a classified project. It was designed to carry oversize cargo and fly on "tactical missions" – if necessary, to land at night in a rough field. Yet it is one of the most studied machines the Pentagon has produced in recent years.

Even before the Pentagon had agreed to sign on Lockheed for the $3.4 billion job, it bought expensive research called "contract definition" to find out whether the builder would have to invent any "new science" to construct the plane. In signing the contract in October 1965, the Air Force undertook a new system known as "concurrency production," which would allow Lockheed to run planes off the assembly line before tests were completed. The Air Force would follow closely behind each stage of production and testing, with options to cancel later segments of the contract if Lockheed weren't meeting standards.

Cost experts in the Pentagon soon realized there would be large overexpenditures for the C-5A, and at least one of them, A. Ernest Fitzgerald, suspected that in cutting corners, Lockheed had "flimsied up the airplane." Fitzgerald testified to this effect before a congressional committee in 1968, stirring up bad publicity for the entire project. About a year later he was fired. In the meantime, the Air Force launched a full review of the C-5A directed by Assistant Secretary of the Air Force Philip Whittaker. After three months of study, the experts concluded in July 1969 that although there had been 46 design changes, "none of these changes has degraded the mission performance. . . . It looks as though we'll have a good aircraft."

The optimism of the "Whittaker Report" was not borne out by later testing, however, and once again in February 1970, the Air Force commissioned a study of the C-5A. This one, headed by MIT professor Raymond Bissplinghoff, would last for five months and assemble reports from independent re-

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searchers, Air Force inspectors and representatives of all the major aerospace corporations. They concluded in June that the C-5A had "slight deficiencies of range" and minor problems with landing gear and avionics (flight instruments). The wings, which had been so troublesome in tests, might require "further engineering changes . . . to correct deficiencies not yet located." That was all. They couldn't offer any stronger judgment until tests had run further. Two days later another wing cracked in the laboratory.

The latest major report appeared in March of this year when the Government Accounting Office released information it dug up for Sen. William Proxmire (D, Wis.). Based on an examination of the first 15 planes turned over to the Air Force, the GAO concluded that "major deficiencies in landing gear, wings and avionics" meant that "the C-5A cannot perform its tactical mission." Unless these were corrected, the plane would have to serve merely as a cargo transport—and a risky one at that. More wing cracks have appeared in ground testing since then, and in September an engine flew away from the wing of an airplane preparing for take-off. For a while, the entire fleet was grounded to check for cracks in engine pylons, which had not been a problem before. Almost all the planes are now back in operation.

The Air Force has committed itself to buying 81 of these C-5As under a new contract that absolves Lockheed of the cost of refitting them if they fail to meet standards. Lockheed, which is about two years behind schedule and charging $2 billion more than originally promised, has finished 47 planes and is working on the 70th. When the new study comes out in 1973, production should be over. What will the Air Force then do with this $3.5 million piece of research? Well, it could use it to start over from the beginning, asking Congress for the hundreds of millions it would cost to reinforce the planes and bring them up to standards. More likely the report will follow its predecessors into the files, and the Air Force will make do with the C-5A as it is, hiding the cost of necessary repairs in a less controversial section of the budget.

Hold Your Nose

Last New Year's Day, the President of the United States resolved that "the '70s absolutely must be the years when America pays its debt to the past by reclaiming . . . its waters. It is literally now or never." Congress got around to agreeing, and last month the Senate voted 86-0 to end all water pollution by 1985, by prohibiting industries and municipalities from dumping any wastes into waterways. The millennium would be reached in steps: municipalities would start building 85 percent-effective sewage treatment plants by 1974; industries would use the "best practicable" pollution controls two years later, and the "best available" technological devices by 1981. The House Public Works Committee will soon vote on a similar proposal.

It's the toughest anti-pollution program Congress has ever considered – and the administration is fighting hard to defeat it. Russell Train, director of the Council on Environmental Quality, told House committee members that under such a strict timetable, "water quality in many cases may suffer." Angry industries, he implied, would do nothing rather than comply. Paul McCracken, Chairman of the President's Council of Economic Advisers, warned that an expensive all-out anti-pollution effort might cripple the economy, force industries to close and move to foreign countries with weaker pollution laws. The White House had a seven-member science panel, including the President's top science adviser, write a strong "anti" letter. Congress, Train warned, would pass the new legislation "only at the peril of wasting billions in resources and losing public acceptance for environmental programs." There was only one point everyone could agree on: the nation's water has never been worse. While William Ruckelshaus, director of the Environmental Protection Agency, was testifying against the bill, his agency was preparing a report showing that the Mississippi River threatens human health in southern Louisiana and aquatic life in the Gulf of Mexico.

Administration officials say that current methods of fighting water pollution, dating to 1966, are the most practicable: states establish water quality standards which define just how polluted a particular lake or river can be, according to its uses – swimming, drinking or cesspool. The states then regulate industrial discharge factory by factory, to hold pollution to the desired level – *except* that only 40 states have established water quality standards and few enforce them, which is the way industry likes it. The EPA estimates that at least 44,000 industries should have applied for permits to dump wastes into navigable waters by July, but less than half did. "Virtually no permits have been issued," says EPA counsel John Quarles; nevertheless, the industries keep dumping wastes. Since September, EPA has asked the Justice Department to sue 35 corporations which are dumping without permits, but only three of the companies are major polluters (EPA has classified 3000 major and 7000 significant polluters nationwide.) Only five of the cases have gone to court. EPA is sitting on half a dozen files which show that other major corporations are dumping toxic wastes without permits, but it won't send them to Justice. "We could sue every industry in the country if we wanted," Quarles says. But EPA wants to work harmoniously with industries, not antagonize them.

Pollution technicians know little about the precise

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relationship between particular types of waste and water quality, so it's hard to regulate individual industries effectively. That's why the Senate decided to forget water standards and turn off the pollution at its source: municipal and industrial waste pipes. That across-the-board approach, however, would soak up $94.5 billion in the next decade, according to Train. The figure is suspect, based as it was on current costs of the nation's most expensive sewage treatment facility, at Lake Tahoe. Supporters of the new bills say that neither Train nor they can effectively estimate long-range costs, since pollution technology is in its infancy. The Senate would begin by spending $14 billion over the next four years; the House committee would ask for $20 billion. The President says $6 billion for the next three years is the most the economy can stand. (The government already owes states and cities $1.6 billion for sewage plants it promised to finance but didn't.) We're back to the old question of social priorities: the Defense Department easily won initial funding for the new B-1 bomber, which will cost at least $11 billion.

The Money Muddle

Gradually, the western world is moving toward a new system of monetary exchange rates and a more stable pattern of world trade, but following the story is not easy. In meeting with the French president last week, Mr. Nixon agreed to raise the price of gold (that is, to reduce the value of the dollar in terms of gold), a decision that was widely hailed as "devaluation." Actually, the move was a symbolic gesture required to appease the French national ego as interpreted by Pompidou. Since August 15, the United States has not been converting dollars into gold, for foreign banks or anyone else, and has no intention of resuming; so the gold price change is practically without meaning. The meat of the story is what the US receives in return for this honorific concession – a French agreement to go along with our other trading partners in permitting *their* currency to rise in value in relation to ours, which is the essence of a true devaluation.

As of December 13, the day before the Nixon-Pompidou meeting, other major national currencies, except for the French *franc*, had been revalued upward by more than eight percent. With new French cooperation, it is expected that this trend will continue toward the final goal of an average 11 percent upward adjustment – sufficient according to Nixon's advisers to improve the competitiveness of US goods abroad so that our weak balance of payments can be corrected.

The final adjustment, however, will have to wait upon settlement of some important side issues. On August 15 President Nixon imposed a temporary 10 percent surcharge on imports. That tax was to be lifted when Japan, West Germany and the rest revalued their currency as we desired. Then Treasury Secretary Connally added further conditions – removal of special trade barriers against American goods and greater contributions toward our defense expenses abroad. Here's where the hard bargaining will go on, in forthcoming meetings of the Group of Ten comprising the major industrial nations.

Smoke Signals

Some tentative observations are occasioned by India's victory in East Pakistan (Bangla Desh). First and most obvious is that the Nixon administration has egg on its face. It not only backed a loser but was presumptuous enough to lecture the victor on international morality, as if the world were not aware of how the US itself has intervened in other peoples' civil wars – in Indochina and to a lesser extent in Central America. Since it is in the long-range interest of the US and India (we have a grain surplus, India has starvation) both nations will grope, painfully, toward some sort of accommodation. It might not even take Washington as long to recognize the new state of Bangla Desh as it took to arrange the Kissinger trip to China. Finally, the Soviet Union, by its singleminded military and diplomatic support of India, has for the moment strengthened its position in South Asia, and one can be sure that the Chinese, looking south at what has happened and looking north to a million Soviet troops on her border, will not feel reassured; the Soviet-Chinese feud will remain at white heat.

The Nixon Watch

Shooting Santa Claus

As the afternoon of December 9 wore into dusk with no sign of an expected veto message from Mr. Nixon, the joke in the White House press room was that the President must be having a hard time making up his mind to shoot Santa Claus 16 days before Christmas. The bill that he had signalled his intention to veto extended the Economic Opportunity Act for two years, established a National Legal Services Corporation to help poor people, and authorized the expenditure of $2 billion a year for "comprehensive child development programs, including a full range of health, education and social services." Congress had just decided

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by large majorities that these federal services were "essential to the achievement of the full potential of the nation's children" and should be made available to children from the womb to age 14 "regardless of economic, social and family backgrounds."

With the approach of 6 p.m., three hours after reporters had been alerted to stand by for the veto message, the consensus among them was that the President had contrived to shoot down the bill too late for any but brief and superficial exposure of the deed on the evening news shows. That was the result, but evidence that it was not intended was fairly persuasive. It was said that Mr. Nixon got a final whack at the draft of the message late in a busy day. His determination to veto the bill was already known and had been denounced by advocates of expanded child care. Two assistants who would have had to have a hand in deliberate delay, Press Secretary Ronald Ziegler and Patrick Buchanan, who wrote the draft, were observed by associates to have been dismayed and irritated by foul-ups in retyping and reproduction of the veto text after the President scribbled his last changes.

The most interesting aspect of the veto message, considering the prior knowledge that it was to be issued, was its demonstration of Mr. Nixon's talent for messing up a basically defensible position with extraneous assertions that reflect his worst characteristics and indicate obeisance to the worst elements in his national constituency. This the President accomplished with his concluding statement that the proposed expansion of federal care programs "would commit the vast authority of the national government to the side of communal approaches to child rearing over against the family-centered approach." None of the administration witnesses who opposed various parts of the vetoed bill during committee hearings raised that objection. Mr. Nixon's resort to it was a straight echo of Vice President Agnew, who began suggesting in November that comprehensive child care on the proposed scale was a notion borrowed from Communist Russia and exploited by professional American behaviorists who yearned to precondition and control the attitudes of everybody from kindergarten tots to public officials. Senator Strom Thurmond of South Carolina held forth to the same effect in a floor speech from which Pat Buchanan, one of Mr. Nixon's more conservative assistants, might have lifted the "communal" and similar passages in the veto message. They opened the President to the charge promptly made by critics of the veto, that the entire action was a patent and unjustified concession to know-nothing rightists to whom Mr. Nixon must look for support in 1972.

There were better arguments against all three of the vetoed bill's major components. It was quite true, as the President said and as wiser advocates of his policies maintained during the committee hearings, that the enacted measure burdened the Office of Economic Opportunity, the projected legal services corporation, and the child care program with administrative complexities and inhibitions that were likely to diminish their usefulness. Early in his term, Mr. Nixon announced his wish to make OEO an experimental and innovative rather than an operating agency by delegating its authority to manage proven poverty programs to such federal departments as Labor and Health, Education, and Welfare. For the first time since the Economic Opportunity Act was passed in 1964, Congress voted in this bill to deny him the power of delegation. It also tied so much of the authorized funds to programs specified by Congress that OEO would have lost essential flexibility and would have been short of money to pay for needed research and experimentation. The President believably said that he would have vetoed an OEO extension that came separately to him with these restrictions in it. As it happened, and as his official spokesmen did not seem to know, the veto did not imperil OEO as it presently functions. Money for it was provided in a supplemental appropriation and authority to spend the money in the current fiscal year survives from the original Economic Opportunity Act.

The legal services corporation would have absorbed some 930 state and local legal services programs now financed and supervised by OEO. Mr. Nixon had proposed and continued to insist that he alone choose the directors who would run the corporation, subject to confirmation of their appointments by the Senate. Congress preferred and tried to impose upon him an unwieldy method of choosing 11 of 17 directors from lists submitted to the President by the US Judicial Conference, the American and National (all-black) Bar Associations, and organizations representing supporters, attorneys and clients of the legal services program. National leaders of the entire organized bar endorsed the enacted proposal, although some of them were dubious about the complexities. Mr. Nixon was entitled to his own doubts, but he carried them to the point of absurdity when he said in the veto message that "it would be better to have no legal services corporation than one so irresponsibly structured." Here again, he opened himself to the suspicion, already prevalent among advocates of federally provided legal services for the poor, that he was more interested in minimizing their capacity to upset the non-poor with aggressive court actions than in assuring justice for the poor.

Before Mr. Nixon introduced his nonsense about "communal" subversion of family rights and responsibilities, a charge that might as well be addressed to the public schools as to expanded child-care programs, the main issue between the administration and such supporters of comprehensive care as Senator Walter Mondale of Minnesota (see page 21) was administrative practicability. Elliot Richardson, the Secretary of Health, Education, and Welfare, and the subordinate officials who testified at congressional hearings made a good case for their claim that the proposal to have the

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federal government deal directly with and supervise upwards of 7000 "prime sponsors" and many thousands more of local contractors, public and private, who would administer individual projects was inherently unworkable. Richardson's proposal, later modified, to restrict the prime sponsors to state and big-city governments was extreme on its side. But the issue could have been reasonably compromised if Mondale in the Senate, Representative John Brademas in the House, and their supporting colleagues had not been as insistent as they were that the principle of local initiative and parental participation be taken to the extreme that they advocated. On cost, the administration and the expansionists were not as far apart as they appeared to be. The administration claim that the cost could run to $20 billion a year was a calculated exaggeration, but Senator Mondale said during debate that it could rise to $7 billion annually within four years.

Larger issues underlay those of management and cost, and upon them the advocates of expanded child care were unassailably right. One of these basic issues was what to do about the immense changes in a society in which the proportion of mothers who work for pay is expected to increase from 10 percent in 1940 to 70 percent in 1980. Another was the validity of Mr. Nixon's view, expressed in his welfare reform bill, that the primary purpose of federally financed child care is to justify forcing welfare mothers to leave their homes and children and work for their livings. Mr. Nixon, seeing in comprehensive care a plot to communize American life, is trying to call back into being a society that was beginning to vanish when he began his climb to the Presidency 25 years ago.

John Osborne

A Canadian Perspective

Amnesty When?

Toronto

At his November 12 press conference, Mr. Nixon was asked if, once the war was ended, he would grant amnesty to young American men who went abroad to avoid the military draft. He was obviously unprepared for the question. He had no circumlocutions or rhetoric at hand. He replied, "No."

There are approximately 50,000 American war resisters in Canada, most of them "guilty" of breach of Selective Service or military law. They have been flowing across the border in a steady stream since the mid-sixties. Canada has granted those who qualify by education, skills, job offers, etc., "landed immigrant status" leading to citizenship. No question may be asked concerning their draft or military status in the process of "landing." Once landed, they are not extraditable by Canadian-US treaty. They have not committed an offence punishable within Canada.

They are a mixed lot. Some are educated, reflective young men who after attending Vietnam war sit-ins, rapping with their political science professors, and hassling the Selective Service system as long as possible, have come to Canada prepared and have assimilated quickly. Others, less privileged, poorly educated, who got caught up in military service and who split for Canada impulsively when on order to Vietnam, have naturally had greater difficulty in adapting.

What the articulate among them are saying goes something like this: "Amnesty is not our problem; it is the problem of guilt-ridden American liberals. We have done nothing for which we need to accept forgiveness. In a choice between being criminals in Southeast Asia, being treated as criminals in American prisons and stockades, and a new life in Canada – we chose Canada. The land of the free and the home of the brave has killed, crippled, jailed and exiled thousands of its young. Those Americans who find this fact hard to live with will try to make partial amends by amnesty or 'second chance' legislation. The likelihood of their succeeding in time to benefit any appreciable number is negligible. If and when amnesty comes, we shall be launched on Canadian careers, have Canadian wives, and Canadian children. Amnesty will mean being able to take the kids to visit their grandmother, instead of her having to visit them here. Americans in Canada with their heads screwed on right are not making any decisions concerning their future based on talk of amnesty."

Rather than amnesty, war resisters in Canada prefer to focus upon what they call "repatriation." Repatriation is the right to return to the United States without any recrimination for breach of Selective Service or military law. It is amnesty with the indignity of accepting forgiveness removed. Discussion of repatriation among expatriates is usually in the context of the realities of the ongoing war. All they see happening is a change in the color of skin among some of the ground troops. American boys are being returned in time and in sufficient numbers to affect the '72 election, while the horror continues unabated. Those who took a stand against the war and chose exile are saying that when the war ends completely – all troops, planes, advisors and CIA agents withdrawn – then and only then, the right of exiles to return may be considered along with other matters – US war guilt, release of political prisoners, reparation to the peoples of Indo-China. Repatriation is not thought of exclusively in terms of the return of exiles. The word is used to include the release of prisoners and the surfacing of those who have gone underground.

If the reaction of exiles is negative to amnesty proposals implying their guilt, imagine their feelings

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about proposals which link them with war planners and criminals. There are suggestions abroad which call for amnesty for all war-related offences – for the Lt. Calleys as well as draft and military offenders. As a Women's Strike for Peace newsletter recently expressed it, "This would solve the problem of war guilt by sweeping everyone under the rug together – those who refused to kill along with those who killed indiscriminately. Then we could forget the past and march on united to even greater national glory."

The ideal of repatriation which the exiles hold up as just will never be realized. The US is not going to confess criminality, stage its own Nuremberg trial, and acknowledge the right of unqualified restitution to those who broke its laws resisting this war. The US may grant amnesty when it is politically expedient to do so, and when it can pass it off as a gesture of magnanimity and strength. That is what Senator Robert Taft, Jr. seems to have in mind, when he proposes amnesty for these "however misguided" young men who "are entitled to a second chance."

When will this be? Perhaps when the political fight to renew Selective Service legislation the next time around does not seem worth the effort. 1974? A gesture of largeness of heart in the bicentennial year of 1976? In the meantime, young Americans in Canada are not holding their breath. Nor are they, in the nice phrase of one Vietnam veteran and deserter, "standing here at the border crying."

Robert Gardner

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Endless Indignities of Apartheid

Not Quite Black or White

Cape Town, South Africa

Meet Shihaam Samie, a pretty 14-year-old Cape Town schoolgirl. Because her parents are Moslem, she is by legal definition "coloured."

I talked with Shihaam at her home in a ruined Victorian residence in the slums. She knew little of politics and nothing of apartheid except what affects her and her friends. She knows she can't eat in a white restaurant, ride a white tram, or even share the department store elevator with whites. She probably doesn't know she would be turned away from a white hotel to which her Moslem relatives from Saudi Arabia, if she had any, would be welcome as paying visitors.

She knows she can sun herself only on the nonwhite white sand beach of Cape Town, but she doesn't know that if somehow she got enough money to buy an airplane ticket she would in effect become a white person, for the duration of the flight. South African Airlines has been "internationalized," meaning Shihaam, while airborne, would be catered to, fussed over and served by white stewards and stewardesses required to call her "Miss" and her father "Sir." Once the wheels of the plane touch ground, however, she turns back into a dingy Cinderella who must use the nonwhite rest room at the air terminal building.

Hold on a minute, though. If she happens to be a recognized tennis star or a world-renowned entertainer, she is counted as white during a specified tournament or concert, and could then use the white ladies' rest room. When the special event was over, she would again be "coloured" – unless her presence is needed at a state social function in which the government is trying to improve relations with a Moslem power. Then she would again be offered the glass slipper. At the stroke of midnight or, rather, when the diplomatic event is over, she again becomes colored and though she might ride home in a white train coach, she couldn't board it again the next morning.

Shihaam's father, H. M. Samie, is colored too, of course, and must observe the intricate color line. He wouldn't, though, if he were an Indonesian businessman in town to negotiate a business deal. South Africa is keen for world trade, so nondomestic Asians become "honorary whites" when they pursue their business affairs here. The policy was instituted by Prime Minister Vorster's Nationalist Party regime when it seemed the Japanese (the *Japanese* Japanese, that is) might not continue as South Africa's biggest sugar client if apartheid applied to their businessmen. Ditto blacks from trading countries.

Nor is it true the government forbids mixed racial banquets; all you need do is get a permit. Thus, President G. J. Kane of the Natal Coastal branch of the Medical Association finally on Nov. 18 presided over a dinner attended by white and Indian physicians. The application had been in bureaucratic channels more than a year, and the 1970 banquet had been cancelled because white doctors wouldn't dine without their nonwhite peers.

The republic's 2.4 million coloreds, so-called, are of mixed ancestry – black, white, yellow and shades between. It is one segment of the population that doesn't fit even theoretically into the apartheid concept of parallel "homeland" development along multinational lines. The coloreds do not have their own language as do, say the Xhosa of the Transkei. The coloreds speak English or Afrikans, often both.

The indignities of apartheid seem endless. A shopkeeper may advertise not only for white, black, Asian or colored help, but may specify the desired shade of

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pigmentation, as in this Nov. 17 ad in the *Durban Daily News:* "Wanted, young fair coloured shop assistant, apply Crystal in the Lane, 11 Plowright Lane."

The Vorster security police are in firm command, but even if they weren't South Africans of all hues are law-and-order people who love their country. The first question I was asked by A. Stanley of the opposition Coloured Labour Party was, "Aside from politics, don't you think our country is very beautiful?"

Emmett Peter, Jr.

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Dilemma of the "Lesser" Democrats

by Ken Bode

The opening gun of the 1972 Democratic presidential sweepstakes will be fired in Iowa at precinct caucuses on January 24. New party rules require that all candidates for delegate (Iowa has 46) must state their presidential preference or run explicitly uncommitted. So, on the morning of January 25, we will have the first meaningful indication of popular support for the plethora of Democratic hopefuls. Six other caucus-convention states (Arizona, Minnesota, Mississippi, South Carolina, Washington, Wyoming) will conduct the first stage of their 1972 delegate selection processes – all this prior to the nation's first primary in New Hampshire on March 7. While some delegates may run uncommitted in these convention states, the public will have a pretty clear notion by early March how the 274 delegates from these seven states will vote on the first ballot in Miami Beach next summer.

Senator Henry Jackson's decision to drop out of the New Hampshire primary is illustrative of the dilemma facing many of the Democratic Party's "lesser candidates." Like most of his competitors, Jackson has only a skeleton national organization. He was initially counting on the Florida primary, a week after New Hampshire, to establish his credibility as a major candidate, and said as much in announcing his candidacy. But George Wallace's entry in Florida as a Democrat seems certain to diminish Jackson's chances for an impressive showing there. So, while Jackson was tempted to make it up in New Hampshire, he withdrew when it seemed obvious that he and Los Angeles Mayor Sam Yorty would be competing for the right-of-center Democratic vote. Yorty had the edge, and it would not do to lose to a man who is taken seriously by so few outside New Hampshire. That leaves that contest a three-way race between Muskie, McGovern and Yorty which only McGovern and Muskie can lose; but Jackson's departure also serves to dramatize the potential effects of fragmentation elsewhere.

Among the various Democratic presidential hopefuls, three – Senator George McGovern, Mayor John V. Lindsay, and Former Senator Eugene McCarthy – are generally perceived as "more liberal" than the rest. For purposes of some primaries, add to this list Congresswoman Shirley Chisholm. Regardless of Chisholm's entry, all three of the white hopefuls have common problems:

First, none has established a wide base of support among Democrats. The three are currently bunched together in the major polls behind Kennedy, Muskie, and Humphrey, each enjoying a proportion of national Democratic support which hovers rather constantly beneath 10 percent. Moreover, state polls – notably those in California, where the winner-take-all primary on June 6 is crucial to everyone's presidential hopes – mirror the national polls almost perfectly. Nor has any of the three developed a strong appeal among two crucial elements of the Old Democratic Coalition. Full read-outs of the polls indicate that rank-and-file black Democrats prefer Kennedy first, Humphrey second. With labor, it's Jackson or Humphrey, then Kennedy.

Second, all three must enter the primaries to demonstrate support in the active electorate and offset their poor showings in the polls. As McGovern said re-

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cently, "New Hampshire is the first poll that really means anything." But for McGovern, McCarthy and Lindsay, the hazards of the primary route are legion. First, the costs of running nationwide are enormous and diminished neither by the reforms of the Democratic Party nor by the addition of six new primaries for 1972. None of the three has unlimited financial and organizational resources, and at least one other liberal candidate, Senator Fred Harris, has already gone broke. Moreover, it is no longer possible to count on building support in the primaries in the hope that some momentum will carry over to state conventions. The Democrats' early convention date for 1972 (July 9) has so pushed the caucus convention dates up into the primary season that the processes are effectively concurrent. One must assemble a nationwide organization capable of working both at the same time.

Third, because of the increased number of primaries and the need to cover 50 states and the District of Columbia in a shortened nominating season, the left-Democrats will inevitably pass over some opportunities to garner delegates. Uncommitted "unity slates" in Maryland, New Jersey, West Virginia, and Daley-controlled portions of Illinois, and "Favorite Son" slates in Ohio, Washington, DC, Arkansas, probably Tennessee, and perhaps others will be comprised mainly of local political leaders and their cronies, and subject only to random local challenges as the major candidates are forced to concentrate their time, resources, and organization elsewhere.

These are the swampy edges of the bog. Presuming a certain overlap of support among the three, the major problem facing Lindsay, McCarthy and McGovern is that in direct, head-to-head confrontations, they will: (1) fragment that support and ensure the election of centrist or conservative delegates and (2) foster a spirit of fratricide among their supporters, generally diminishing the area of overlapping support and damaging the potential for later cooperation among them on platform issues, rules, and credentials challenges.

Confrontations among the three will be most costly to each in majority-rule and winner-take-all nominating systems where fragmentation of popular support (even a majority) can translate into absolutely no delegate votes. Majoritarianism is deeply embedded in the electoral processes of this country, stemming in part from a distrust of faction by the Founding Fathers. It may be seen in the tendency of the Electoral College to inflate popular vote majorities and make it practically impossible for anything but regionally isolated minor parties to register any electoral votes at all. Courts have upheld the tradition by validating special requirements for ballot access by minor parties on grounds that the state has a proper and constitutional interest in ensuring that the winner of an election obtains a majority of the popular vote. But in the nominating process – which has been subject to only sporadic regulation by the courts – majority-rule democracy is rampant and in practice is often translated into plurality-take-all, which can actually lead to a distortion of the will of the majority.

California, for example, is a winner-take-all statewide presidential preference primary, and will send the second largest block of delegate votes (271) to the Miami Convention. Current polls in that state indicate that with the frontrunning Senator Edward Kennedy out, the combined popular support enjoyed by McGovern, Lindsay, and McCarthy easily exceeds that of Muskie or Humphrey. But with six or seven candidates in the race, including the three I have singled out, their support is ineffectually splintered, and Senator Edmund Muskie wins the entire pot. Last week, with that handwriting clearly on the wall, two of California's leading pragmatists, US Senator John Tunney and Assembly Speaker Bob Moretti – who had flirted with other candidates – announced their support of Muskie.

There are several other primary states where a liberal plurality divided against itself could elect centrist delegates. Massachusetts (201) and Oregon (34) also deliver their entire lode of delegates to the statewide winner. In Florida (81), Indiana (76), Maryland (53), Tennessee (49), and Wisconsin (67), delegates are elected by congressional districts and at-large, on a winner-take-all basis at each level.

And confrontation is inevitable. While the candidates can pick and choose their primaries to a certain extent, the scope of selection is limited by the fact that there are nine automatic entry primaries (Florida, Maryland, Massachusetts, Nebraska, New Mexico, North Carolina, Oregon, Tennessee, Wisconsin) where they must face the electorate *and each other.*

Splintering of liberal support is also a problem in those convention states which provide no assurances that each presidential candidate will receive delegate votes in proportion to his rank-and-file support in precinct caucuses and county conventions. Minnesota (64), Iowa (46), and Arizona (25), for example, have adopted such proportional representation schemes. But in Texas (130), simple majority rule can close out minority presidential supporters – especially if they are fragmented – at the first stage of the process, resulting in a solid conservative-centrist national convention delegation.

So what's to be done? Lindsay, McGovern and McCarthy must each give top priority to establishing his own credibility as a candidate; none could realistically be expected to agree to pass up any chance to accumulate delegates or raise his popular standing, regardless of the effect on any of the others. Moreover, while each has a private interest in "stopping Muskie," none has any interest whatever in being perceived as part of a cabal to do so. Finally, because direct confrontations

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are inevitable, the capacity for anything but staff-level cooperation is severely circumscribed. How, for example, could McCarthy and Lindsay support or endorse McGovern in New Hampshire then run against him in Florida, Illinois, and Wisconsin within the following 30 days?

The problem of splintered constituencies may not belong exclusively to the three men I've mentioned. With the announcement by Hubert Humphrey that he intends to actively seek the nomination and campaign extensively in some early primaries, Humphrey's hand-picked 1968 running mate inherits similar complications. Both in terms of campaign dollars and the loyalties of Democratic Party and labor leaders, Humphrey encroaches most directly on Muskie, with perhaps Jackson a close second.

National Chairman Laurence O'Brien has attempted to lay the groundwork for ultimate party unity by proposing some common ground rules for all the candidates – including instructions to tee off on Nixon, not one another. But any kind of cooperation in the American presidential nominating process is made difficult by the fact that the stakes are so high and all the candidates are ultimately forced to compete directly against one another. Mandatory entry primaries notwithstanding, where the fruit looks ripe to McCarthy, it will probably look good to McGovern and Lindsay as well. And where they all find themselves in the same place at the same time, each candidate will be hard-pressed to distinguish himself from the opponent publicly perceived as nearest him on the political spectrum.

In this way, the current Balkanization of the Democratic Party is not unlike the perpetual fragmentation of the French political left. Persons who agree on the larger political issues force disagreements on minutiae, frame their discord in terms of rigid principles which must never be compromised or embody them in the persons of their leaders. Competition for public support then develops antipathy so deep that genuine cooperation on larger issues or coalition around candidates is compromised or impossible. That's how it was with the Democrats in 1968. There remains a deep distrust within the Democratic Party, returned equally on both sides, between the 1968 supporters of Eugene McCarthy and Robert Kennedy on the one hand, and those who backed Lyndon Johnson and Hubert Humphrey on the other. But within this internal schism, there is also a residue of bitterness of a different sort between the McCarthy and Kennedy supporters themselves. The bitterness, developed over only four or five primary confrontations, left them frozen and immobile after the tragedy of 1968, and it is indicative of the potential that exists for 1972. It is no surprise that some among the Democratic left have already begun to seek a preliminary accord among McCarthy, McGovern, and Lindsay. Good luck to them!

Recognizing Reality

Agreement on Berlin

by Hans J. Morgenthau

Considering how unforeseen and unforeseeable events can play havoc with political predictions, it would be premature to proclaim the end of the Cold War right here and now. But it is safe to say that the end of the Cold War is in sight. The agreements between the East German government, on the one hand, and the government of West Germany and West Berlin, on the other, concerning traffic from West Germany to West Berlin, and from West Berlin to East Germany have just been initialed. These acts open the road for the ratification of the treaties between West Germany, on the one hand, and the Soviet Union and Poland on the other, concerning the eastern frontiers of Germany and the overall relations between the three nations, as well as of the treaty between the United States, the Soviet Union, Great Britain and France, concerning the status of West Berlin. These treaties and agreements contain the substance of a peace treaty transforming the factual control of territories resulting from the distribution of military power at the end of the Second World War, into a legally recognized territorial status quo.

In brief, what is generally done in the immediate

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aftermath of a war, that is, a territorial settlement subscribed to by all concerned, is being done 27 years after the end of the Second World War. That long interval has been filled with the Cold War. It was a condition of war because the United States and West Germany refused to recognize the legality of the East German state. They refused also to recognize Soviet and Polish control of formerly German territories, and they challenged that control. The war remained "Cold" because the challengers limited themselves to words and diplomatic measures and had no thought of changing the territorial status quo by force of arms. The war was fought with slogans like "roll back" and "liberation" and with diplomatic devices such as the Hallstein doctrine, according to which the West German government as the sole legitimate government of all of Germany would not entertain diplomatic relations with any government recognizing the East German state.

At stake were not only, not even primarily, German interests. The intra-German controversies were the battlefield on which the contest of the two superpowers for the domination of Europe, if not of the world, was fought out. Neither the US nor the Soviet Union could allow all Germany to fall under the control of its adversary. Thus, after the chance of the neutralization of all of Germany, such as it was, had been missed, the military dispositions of 1945 became the pattern of political control. The line of military demarcation of 1945 became the political boundary between East and West. The existence of two ideologically antagonistic German states is, then, the function of the inability of the superpowers to agree upon a united Germany which would not have been a threat to the vital interests of one or the other of them.

The focus of the conflict was the western military presence in West Germany. That presence symbolized the claim of the West German government to be the sole legitimate representative of the German nation, east and west, and hence was experienced by the Soviet and East German governments as a threat to the status quo of a divided Germany. That threat took on the appearance of reality, not so much by what the West German government said or did, as by the past internal weakness of the East German government. The Berlin Wall is a monument to that weakness. Thus from Stalin's blockade to Khrushchev's ultimatum to sporadic harassment of traffic, the Soviet Union and East Germany have tried to whittle down the western presence, but did not challenge directly the status quo of West Berlin.

The fifties and early sixties were the culmination of the Cold War and also its *reductio ad absurdum*, for it became obvious that neither containment nor revisionist rhetoric could move the Red Army back from the center of Europe, that the United States would not risk war in order to support liberation movements in Germany, Poland, and Hungary, that the Hallstein doctrine amounted in practice to the sacrifice of tangible political and economic interests for the sake of an abstract principle, and that the West could not be moved out of West Berlin short of war. In consequence, both sides settled down to the implicit recognition of the durability of the territorial status quo. Both sides also recognized that the explicit acceptance of what could not be changed promised greater political and economic gains than continuation of the quixotic opposition to the status quo. Hence, the agreement concluded last week and the two treaties soon to be ratified.

These agreements and treaties not only liquidate the heritage of the Second World War by performing the functions of a peace treaty never concluded, but they also open the door to new political, economic, and military developments. First of all, they serve to stabilize the Soviet Empire in eastern Europe. What West German authorities once used to call the "Soviet Zone of military occupation" in "Little Germany" is now recognized as another state within the German nation with which one must deal on the basis of equality, albeit short of diplomatic recognition. American passivity in the face of the abortive uprisings in Eastern Europe and, more particularly, the unopposed occupation of Czechoslovakia by the Red Army have demonstrated for all to see the stability of the European empire of the Soviet Union. Secondly, the normalization of relations with the Soviet bloc allows West Germany a freedom of diplomatic and economic maneuver which it never enjoyed before. For almost a quarter of a century it depended on the United States as the spearhead of a military alliance directed against the Soviet bloc. Now West Germany is able to realize the complementary interests it – as one of the great exporting industrial powers of the world – shares with the Soviet Union, still but partially developed both in primary and consumer industries.

Since both blocs explicitly recognize that the territorial status quo in Europe can be changed only at unacceptable risks, and therefore cannot be changed at all, it ought to be possible to relax the military posture on both sides of the divide. It is at this point that the new accords carry within themselves the seeds of new dissension. When the Soviet Union presses for

COMING: Ward Sinclair
assesses the effort
to outlaw
stripmining

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a European security conference, it has in mind – quite naturally – its own security, dressed up as a universal good which all peace-loving nations must support. Its security interests in Europe vis-a-vis the Western bloc essentially comprise three objectives: the recognition of the East German State, now virtually achieved; the disintegration of NATO and, more particularly, the isolation of West Germany; and the exclusion of the United States from Europe. If the Soviet Union were to achieve these objectives, it would have made itself the master of Europe by the sheer weight of its political, military and economic power, without changing the territorial status quo. That power, especially if exercised in conjunction with the two Germanys and no longer checked by a local counterweight, would be so enormous as to reduce the rest of Western Europe to the status of an oversized Scandinavia.

Another byproduct, probably very much on the mind of the Soviet government, of the territorial settlement in Europe is the freedom of action that accrues to the Soviet Union elsewhere in the world. The Soviet Union obviously pursues the grand design of filling the empty spaces left by the liquidation of the European colonial empire. Everywhere it pushes outward: in the Mediterranean, the Middle East, South Asia, the West Pacific. That push takes place in the shadow of the conflict with China, which for the Soviet Union is a matter of deadly seriousness. Considering the possibility, if not the inevitability, of a war with China and obsessed with the specter of a hostile Sino-American conspiracy, it has a vital interest in pacifying its western frontiers and securing its European empire.

We have a tendency in our judgment on foreign policy to go from one extreme to another. A conflict tends to take on cataclysmic proportions, and a peaceful settlement appears to usher in the millennium. Thus we ought to beware of the illusion that the settlement of the territorial heritage of the Second World War has made an end to all conflicts of interest between the United States and the Soviet Union. It has settled one issue too long outstanding between them. By doing so, it has raised new issues which should not be lost sight of in our satisfaction with what has been achieved.

Encounter in Samarkand

Soviet Jews

by Joan Kaplan

After long silence, the State Department has spoken out, before a House Foreign Affairs subcommittee, on "denial of rights to Soviet Jews." This was the subject upon which the department was called to testify – but only a fifth of the 21-page statement by Deputy Assistant Secretary Richard T. Davies dealt directly with it. In one paragraph, Davies glossed over the "well documented facts," which he decided "need no elaboration here." He then proceeded to offer, in effect, an apologia for Soviet discrimination against its Jews, stating that it bears no comparison to Stalin's blood purges and the Nazi holocaust. He nevertheless conceded that Jews are "suspect in a special way," that "Jewishness has come to be regarded as a more alien phenomenon than . . . other cultures in the USSR." While the department asked Congress to pass a resolution supporting Soviet Jewry, many of his remarks sought to strengthen the department's conclusion that claims of terror are "overdrawn." There is "little evidence," he said, that anti-Zionist propaganda "has spilled over into . . . anti-Semitism."

The condition of Soviet Jews merited a more comprehensive treatment than the two-day subcommittee hearing afforded. Much of the testimony was inexpert or irrelevant or dripping with political banalities. Yet enough documentation was put on the record – some in Mr. Davies' own testimony – to indicate that the Jews of Russia are indeed living in a state of terror. For instance, Davies noted the findings of Mrs. Rita Hauser, US representative on the UN Human Rights Commission: . . . "It was stated [in Pravda] that any Soviet Jew who wishes to migrate to Israel is automatically an 'enemy of the people.'" Davies also cited Dr. Hannah Edmonds' statement that, "Jews are not treated as citizens on an equal level with all other Soviet citizens . . . it is not surprising that large num-

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bers of Jews are seeking to leave the Soviet Union."

Department testimony did not include evidence that *The New York Times* has been reporting with alarming frequency – arrests of Jews by the Soviet Secret Police (KGB) in front of the Moscow Synagogue at Yom Kippur, the highest Jewish holiday; Jewish librarians from Samarkand and Odessa charged with treason and imprisoned (two years for writing a letter to Kosygin complaining of anti-Semitism, three years for reproducing fragments of anti-Stalinist literature); confiscation by Soviet postal authorities of thousands of *visovs* (these are invitations in the form of affidavits – sent by Israeli relatives to Soviet Jews, without which an application for repatriation is impossible). No mention was made in Mr. Davies' testimony of such anguished pleas as the one from the widow and son of Peretz Markish, distinguished Jewish poet who was executed in the Stalin purge of Jewish intellectuals in 1952, and then "rehabilitated" after Stalin's death. This year Mrs. Markish and her son David were fired from their jobs, and reduced to the status of non-persons after they were denied permission to repatriate.

Beware Zionism, an internationally distributed Soviet paperback (now called *Caution: Zionism* in the revised English edition) blames the Zionists for the Czech uprising, credits the Zionists with ruling the Vatican as well as Yale University, and weaves a fantasy of world conspiracy: "International Zionism is the enemy of all peoples . . . relying on the theory of Jewish racial superiority, Zionism is following in the footsteps of Fascism . . ." According to Professor Michael Zand, a recent Soviet expatriate, the author of *Beware Zionism*, has for 10 years been a top Soviet expert on "the Jewish problem." (Professor Zand, himself a distinguished Orientalist, suffered a heart attack when he was subjected to the indignity of force-feeding while in a Soviet prison for "sitting-in" against the government's policy on repatriation; he and his family were permitted to leave the Soviet Union only after an international protest in his behalf.) Ivanov's book is at least more subtle than its predecessor, *Judaism Without Embellishment*, which so outraged world opinion – including foreign Communist parties – that it was withdrawn in 1964. That book's author, Trofim Kichko, received special high honors four years later from the Presidium of the Supreme Soviet of the Ukraine, and his new book *Judaism and Zionism*, repeats his anti-Jewish slanders.

The New Times, a "Soviet Weekly of World Affairs" published in several languages, is one of many costly propaganda publications which are the exclusive reading matter in Russian airport waiting rooms, hotels and Intourist offices. In June of this year it reported on "Zionism and the Swastika" as follows: "International Zionism collaborated with Fascism from [its] inception . . . The Nazi butcher, Eichmann, viewed the Zionists with favor and made deals with them . . . Zionists themselves have had a hand in the desecration of synagogues . . . The militant anti-Semitism of the Nazis turned out to be a godsend for the Zionists . . ." In a country with a history of pogroms, a country where the most infamous of twentieth century anti-Semitic slanders,"The Protocols of the Elders of Zion," was fabricated and which has a long record of persecution, is it possible for the victimized not to feel terror [– "intense, sharp, overmastering fear which is somewhat prolonged and may refer to imagined or future danger" – *Random House Dictionary*]?

The Soviet regime has arrested Russian Jews for speaking to western newsmen and now apparently seeks to restrict communications between Soviet and American Jews. On this, I can speak from some slight experience. My husband and I were expelled from the Soviet Union last July after three days of detention. We were charged and found guilty of a "crime" that was wholly fabricated. As tourists, we had visited Moscow, Leningrad, Kiev, Tbilisi, Erevan and Khiva, in what is now Uzbekistan, Soviet Central Asia. Tashkent, capital of Uzbekistan, was our jumping-off place to Samarkand and Bokhara, which were to have been the highlights of our tour. We had no prior preoccupation with the plight of Soviet Jewry; neither of us speaks Russian, Hebrew or Yiddish, though my husband has a smattering of German. What began as a mild interest was aggravated by several incidents.

In Moscow a group of clean-cut, well dressed youths of 17 or 18 burst in and spat all over the lobby of the synagogue while we were there. The few elderly Jewish men silently shrugged.

At the one working synagogue in Leningrad, young and old worshippers were terrorized by threats of a hostile Russian who watched their every move. When a few less fearful Jews came closer to ask us for news of Jewish life abroad, the guard headed toward us angrily, shoving the people away, informing us that he was Russian – not Jewish – and insisting that we leave. Suddenly a tall, bearded young man rushed up and shook hands with my husband, whispered "Shalom," then fled. The Russian cursed and broke into a run, shouting obscenities as he chased the young Jew. My husband had acquired a scrap of paper during the handshake – on it was scrawled a name, an address and a plea for help.

In Tbilisi, capital of Georgia, we were followed from the time we met him until we left by a Jewish man in his early thirties. He spoke only Hebrew, Georgian and Russian, but beckoned us into his home. While we were there, he and other members of his family ran in and out, searching among trusted members of their community for a possible interpreter. Each time the door opened to the courtyard, the young man's wife made certain we were out of the sight of informers. We finally learned that our host had lost his job for requesting repatriation. He waited vainly

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for his visas, although he had all the other necessary documents and funds had been made available to him for the exit fees – 900 rubles ($1000 US) per person for his family of four. During the next two days, he mysteriously appeared in dining rooms, museums, parks – and in the doorway of our hotel room the morning we left Georgia. He was acting as bellhop, accompanied by a housekeeper who whispered in halting English that she was Jewish and we must help him. He thrust some photographs at me, smiling sheepishly, then lugged our three bags down to the cab stand, where he waved till our car was out of sight. The photos were of us, but on one he had superimposed a solemn shot of himself in his best suit and *yarlmulka.*

At a park bench in Tashkent, after the apprehensive appraisal we'd grown accustomed to from Russian Jews, a few elders approached. In Yiddish, they despaired of Jewish life in Russia, asked how many synagogues there were in America. Distressed by what we had seen earlier, we tried to ask – through the aid of what little German my husband spoke and our Russian phrase book – if they could take us to the Tashkent synagogue. At that moment, one man alerted the others to a woman standing about 10 feet away, staring in our direction. The group abruptly dispersed.

Our stay in Samarkand was providing the pleasure we had anticipated; the monuments were gloriously restored. On our last afternoon, Victoria, our Intourist guide, invited us to visit the local synagogue, which surprised us because she had told us it did not exist. We accepted her invitation. At the synagogue, Victoria and the driver waited while we went into an alley, then into the tiny dirt courtyard where we found a shabby synagogue compound. We spent about 15 minutes with a group of withdrawn, suspicious elders and children in the exotic atmosphere of ancient Central Asia. During this quarter-hour, Victoria strode in twice asking us to leave, so that our communication with these people was limited to convincing them – through the aid of our official, six-language phrase book – that we were not Soviets, or Israelis, but American Jews. They were troubled by Victoria's intrusion. Nevertheless, one old man presented me a slightly used bouquet of flowers and they all nodded, smiling warmly when we attempted to arrange to have my father mentioned in a traditional Jewish prayer on the anniversary of his death. Before we could translate the name and date into Russian, Victoria barged in a third time, exchanged a few heated words with one of the men, and ordered us to leave, all traces of amiability gone. We followed her rather than risk any further alarm. She suggested we were distributing literature, though she knew we carried only the Russian phrase book; she had asked to see it at our first meeting. We asked her to examine it again; she refused, though we persisted. We saw the last of her when she curtly reminded us to be in the lobby at 7:30 the following morning for our flight to Bokhara.

The next morning we found that orders had been given early the night before, by the Intourist manager in Samarkand, not to let us leave the hotel. We were forbidden services of a porter, but we got our bags down from the sixth floor – the lift in the eight-month-old hotel was broken. In the lobby we were denied any services or information until an hour later, when the assistant Intourist manager informed us in English that we were being "detained for questioning for unbehavior in yesterday's excursion" – that we had "much to explain" and were in "serious difficulty."

Affidavits against us had been signed by Victoria, the driver, and, ostensibly, an official of the Samarkand synagogue – whom Professor Zand, the Jewish scholar, later identified from a photo as a KGB agent. They accused us of "distributing forbidden literature in violation of Soviet regulations in old-Jew-talk, Urdu and other unknown languages" at the synagogue. We had no literature to distribute at the synagogue or, indeed, anywhere else. We were found guilty by Intourist, without trial and were forbidden to telephone the US Embassy in Moscow, 2000 air miles away.

They kept us one day and night in Samarkand, and at dawn we were flown to Tashkent. The room we were assigned in Tashkent was next to the Intourist headquarters and presumably tightly monitored. Ground transport was unavailable without express consent of Intourist. In both Samarkand and Tashkent it was Intourist officials who interrogated us.

During the first interrogations various punishments were implied for our "anti-Soviet activity." We had nowhere to turn for assistance and didn't know the real nature of the Russian game. The authorities deliberately set out to frighten us in petty, underhanded ways. We decided to destroy all our photos and addresses, even some baby pictures we had been given when we had the good fortune to visit the homes of several of the Russians whom friends in America had told us to look up. Most of these Russians were academicians or highly skilled professionals, and non-Jews. We tore up everything we thought might connect anybody with us – mere acquaintance with "anti-Soviet offenders" might get them in trouble. The world had become Kafkaesque.

Midway in the second day of interrogation, the affidavits were read to us through an interpreter and the line of inquiry seemed to shift. My husband explained his position as professor of law at an eminent American university and insisted on contradicting each phony bit of evidence as it was read, though he was ordered not to do so. His refusal to be intimidated seemed to confuse and frustrate our interrogators. They didn't expect or know how to deal with protest, and although they grew angrier and more petulant, we sensed uncertainty in their attitude.

Shortly thereafter, we were notified that we were

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to be "expelled from the Soviet Union as quickly as possible," and the money we had paid for our coveted trip to Bokhara would be confiscated as punishment. Further, our record was "permanently soiled and we would not again be welcome in the Soviet Union." Their bullying continued during our last day and night in Tashkent. Three sets of customs and KGB agents repeatedly searched our property during a 10-hour wait at the airport the next day. We doubted whether we would get out until our plane was in the air, and even then we weren't sure.

Why us? Possibly our guide's invitation to the synagogue was prearranged – she said her father had been a top party official in Uzbekistan for 40 years – and our status as independent tourists made us more vulnerable; we were without the protection of numbers that is the advantage of group travel in Russia. The commotion staged at the Samarkand synagogue and the travesty of the charges against us – and the expulsion of other American Jewish tourists as well – seem designed to discourage and frighten Russian Jews from communicating with foreign Jews. The regime may have been seeking to prop up its myth of an "international Zionist Conspiracy." Obviously the Soviets don't want the rest of the world to realize the intensity of Soviet Jewry's apprehension.

Champion of Powerless People

Mondale of Minnesota

by Robert Coles

Minnesota in recent years has done rather well in Washington. Within the past three years two of the state's sons have joined the Supreme Court, one as Chief Justice; and in 1968 the state's two senators fought for the Democratic presidential nomination. Hubert Humphrey and Eugene McCarthy were sent to Congress and kept there by the people rooted in the Granger movement of the 1870s, in the Farmers Alliance and the Populist Party, in the effort of small landowners and workers of the Midwest to fight the economic and political power of Eastern banks and corporations. Both parties in Minnesota have responded to that populist tradition: the Democrats with men like Humphrey and McCarthy; the Republicans with men like Charles Lindbergh's father, a strongly progressive congressman from the state's sixth district, former governor Harold Stassen, and most recently, former senator Edward Thye, who back in the forties and fifties was a vigorous internationalist, a champion of federal aid to the country's colleges and schools, an enemy of racial segregation.

Walter F. Mondale took over Hubert Humphrey's seat in the Democratic landslide of 1964. He was then 36, had been attorney general of Minnesota, and before that active in the state's Democratic and Farmer-Labor parties, which successfully bring together (in contrast, say, to what happens in Nebraska or Indiana) the workers of St. Paul and Minneapolis and Duluth and the rural people who predominate in the hundreds of villages and small towns that stretch from the Iowa state line to the Canadian border.

Right off Senator Mondale showed his inclinations. He chose, out of a number of possibilities, membership on the Senate's subcommittee on Housing and Urban Affairs. He has since joined an interesting group of subcommittees which do not have the political clout and power of the Judiciary Committee or the Armed Services Committee but have insistently and skillfully revealed how very much needs to be done if a wealthy United States is going to be just and free. The names of the subcommittees tell a story of our continuing difficulties: Migratory Labor, of which the senator was for a time chairman; Education; Employment, Manpower and Poverty; Indian Education; Labor; Retirement and the Individual, of which he has also been the chairman; Housing for the Elderly; Consumer Interests of the Elderly; Health of the Elderly; and finally the Select Committee on Nutrition and Human Needs and the Select Committee on Equal Educational Opportunity, of which he is now the chairman.

Mondale is an active, outgoing, attractive, and unusually intelligent man, who does not need legislative aides and administrative assistants to tell him what to say, what to do, or how to vote. His concerns are not shared by powerful lobbyists, or members of the

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military-industrial complex – all of whom have other things to do than worry about how, for instance, thousands of migrant children get along as they are dragged all over America, and at 10 or 12 or 13 set to work picking crops. "I am concerned with powerlessness," the senator begins bluntly when he speaks to a visitor, and he goes on to say what he has said for the record many times in the course of hearings held by his subcommittee on Migratory Labor: "I don't believe the American people really know just how impoverished and hungry and above all powerless so many of their fellow citizens are – not only in the urban ghettos, but in the rural areas, where migrants like the people I've heard testify before our committee live by the hundreds and hundreds of thousands. They move all over. They belong nowhere. They don't vote. Often their children don't even go to a school. It's a disgrace, and it's even *more* of a disgrace that the public doesn't know what's going on, because such conditions are not considered 'news.' These people just go on being exploited. They are paid less than other workers and they do the hardest work imaginable. I have tried to find out for myself how migrants live, and I want to help them – *really* help them, not urge band-aids for the deep wounds they have. It's easy to disguise the problem and talk about 'increased benefits' for them. Sure they need medical care and schools that even half take notice of their children; but the real problem is that migrants (and maybe a lot of other people, too) are *powerless*, which means they have no real say in what happens to them. They don't get the protection of a whole group of laws we enacted in the thirties to protect the working man, to guarantee him collective bargaining rights and a minimum wage and unemployment compensation and all the rest. This committee's job is to document all that."

Mondale knew about migrant workers long before he came to the Senate. As a youth he worked his way through college in canning factories and out in the rich farmland of Minnesota, where he saw first-hand how migrants lived. He lived with them and eventually began to organize them: "That was something you don't forget. I guess every working man has heard those kinds of stories, even if now most workers have unions, which prevent such practices. I'll never forget how quickly it all happened: we asked for better wages, and a little money to tide us over, because the summer was unusually wet, and the crops couldn't be harvested for a while and the migrants were left sitting around with no money, nothing. The next thing we knew they were all packed up and shipped South, like so much bad merchandise. They were 'troublemakers,' and I guess I was too, for trying to organize them. We didn't get far that summer, but you have to keep trying. My father was a Methodist minister, and when I was a boy he taught us to *care*, to be concerned about social problems, and not to give up easily. We were fortunate to be in a state like Minnesota. In the finest of the small towns – in Ceylon, for example, where I was born – people are ultimately affected by the way Americans live up a hollow in Appalachia or on an Indian reservation or along that Mexican border of ours."

The senator has seen what goes on along the Mexican border. At six in the morning one day a couple of years ago he had been watching Mexicans cross into Southern California for hours. Finally a US Customs official told him to "get out of here." Mondale looked like a tramp, or a troublemaker. He had on khaki pants and an old sweater and a sports shirt. When told to leave he refused. He was then asked to identify himself. The long lines of Mexican nationals were then stopped, and their credentials checked. The senator has no illusions, however, that anything short of new laws will stop what he describes: "At one in the morning they start crossing the border, and at two in the morning American farm foremen start signing them up on the streets of those border towns. By three you can see the buses and trucks driving farther into California or Texas, and by five or six they're working. You can't blame the Mexicans; they get 20 or 30 cents an hour in their own country, and I met some in our country working for 60 or 70 cents an hour, way below the minimum wage. What it all amounts to is very simple: American farm workers are undercut – in several ways. Their wages are undercut by foreign labor; just as important, they can't bargain with owners when all the owners have to do is bring in hungry, docile, frightened Mexican workers. The problem of the migrant workers won't be solved until we close that Mexican border to imported, underpaid farm labor. No union in America could survive that – the use of foreigners by a company whenever it finds domestic workers too 'demanding.' And now Mr. Nixon and Mr. Mitchell have emphasized that they will try to close the Mexican border alright – to drugs."

Mondale has marched with California's United Farm Workers to the Mexican border in protest against the hiring of Mexican labor to break the strike Cesar Chavez and his men worked so long and hard to make effective. He has traveled to Alaska in order to see first-hand how Indians and Eskimos live, or rather, barely survive. He and his wife have gone on a "welfare diet," eating only what poor people on welfare can afford to eat: "I went on that diet and I went to the border to see, to feel, to *be there*, to experience what is going on, rather than read about it. A lot of people, well-meaning people, never know how it really goes for the poor – down along the Mexican border, or in the cities or out in the countryside, too. That's why I've wanted to take our Senate investigations out of Washington – and also, bring the workers themselves to the hearing rooms of government buildings. It's very hard, though; you hear heart-breaking testimony, and you wonder how the public can be told

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about what you and your staff have found – how these very poor and hurt people live and try to get by, against overwhelming odds. And, of course, you try to get laws passed that will help them."

Mondale's office has in recent years sent out one after another remarkable law to the Senate floor. He sponsored the bill, vetoed December 9 by President Nixon, to create an effective "child development program," one that would commit billions of dollars for "needed health care, nutritional aid, educational assistance, and social services." (The text of the bill provided a long and first-rate description of what hunger and poverty do to children psychologically and physiologically.) He has asked for an annual "social report" that would do for health and education what has long been done with the nation's business and commerce by the President's Council of Economic Advisers. He has proposed that the various legal services programs for the poor be given much more money and the kind of organizational and administrative protection they will need if they are to continue working for penniless clients, who have complaints against people rich enough not only to hire good lawyers, but exert all sorts of pressures on governors, congressmen, and the White House. A while back he went to Vail, Colorado, during the Senate's August vacation, to meet with some hundred lawyers from local offices of the OEO's Neighborhood Legal Service Project who feared that offices set up to help Navaho Indians, migrant workers in Florida and California, and ghetto residents were in serious jeopardy.

On Vietnam, Mondale is candid "I came to the Senate in 1964 and didn't know much about Asia and Vietnam, like many others here in Washington at that time. I supported the President at first. In all honesty I think I was wrong, and over the past few years I've said why. I guess I began to wonder what was *really* going on there in 1966, and that's why I went to Vietnam then. I became more and more concerned as I listened to the growing dissent of people I respected very much. I eventually became totally convinced that this country has been terribly hurt by that war; not only have we lost men and wealth, but our whole sense of what is and is not important has been affected for the worse. In recent years I have spent hours with students all over the country, and I believe I've heard and responded to their message; they see us in a moral and political swamp, full of corruption, intrigue, and worse. I think over time a lot of us came to see that – but it took us too much time, much too much."

He worries about the future. Are we headed for years and years of conservative rule, with high military budgets and stingy, if well-advertised domestic expenditures for what he calls our "human needs"? He can range wide and eloquent on the subject: "I don't believe the people want a stop to the progressive legislation we've put through since 1933. Yes, you have the backlash, and the fear of the ordinary worker that he's being left out. He is, too. He needs more efficient and less expensive – less ruinous, if the illness is serious – medical care. He needs to be protected from fraudulent advertising and from products that are useless or dangerous. He deserves a tax system that gives him as much consideration as the oil industry or a millionaire who somehow ends up paying nothing to the government every April 15. I've talked in union halls, to steelworkers, to men and women who work hard all day and try desperately to make ends meet and have a little left over for a vacation or maybe some repairs on the house. They're not fed up with the thought of more social legislation. They know what they want and need. I'll start talking about some of these problems and they won't let me go. The problem is that we've *talked* a lot about changing things, about fighting poverty and improving our national life – but we've voted a pittance of money to achieve these goals. Then we turn around and say the people are 'fed up,' and of course they are – at a lot of words that aren't backed up by concrete, well-subsidized *action*. I hear that there's a new majority and that they can be brought together on negative promises: we *won't* bother you on school desegregation; we *won't* ask you to do this or that for the next guy. People will get wise to that kind of appeal after a while. They can be scared and frustrated, but if my party keeps saying what it's *for*, not against, the majority of the American people will listen, as they have in the past."

Mondale keeps on trying: "Three minutes after we launched our men to the moon from Cape Kennedy I banged the gavel here in Washington to open hearings on the miserable conditions of the blueberry pickers in eastern North Carolina. I was proud to be in Washington that day, holding those hearings. The pickers were out on strike, and we thought we should listen to their complaints. Perhaps we belong on the moon, but we surely belong there, in North Carolina, aiding such workers – belong there with all the resources the nation could mobilize, if it only wanted to do so."

There are times when the mind dreams of what it would be like if an effective majority of the Senate shared Senator Mondale's concerns, and if the President of the United States did, too. One can also wonder how the American working man would respond to a presidential candidate like Mondale. But most senators like him, senators who carry on the populist tradition, stand little chance of heading a national ticket. They are apt to be without means, they speak too bluntly, they show a deeply felt compassion that gets them nowhere with lobbyists and tends to turn off many of those rich "backers" who decide for their own reasons whether a candidate will ever have a chance to get going and stay going.

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Norman Mark on Television

A Carrot for the Brute

PROPOSAL: The United States government should use all federal tax dollars derived from radio, television and cable broadcasting companies to promote quality TV programming in America.

To put it bluntly, most of the time most televiewers are watching crud television. Usually, it's the only programming that is available.

There is almost no reason to create good radio and television shows in America today. In fact, under the present system, it is surprising that anyone even tries to do anything meaningful in the mass media.

If a TV network tells us that a huge corporation is treating its migrant workers badly, that network may lose advertising revenue. If another network reveals that the Pentagon is spending bagfuls promoting the Pentagon's own budgets and aims, that network is investigated, its films and paperwork subpoenaed and the vice president of the US malevolently maligns the maladjusted malefactors.

If television broadcasts an ambitious, honest, hard-hitting program, the critics judge that effort more harshly than run-of-the-mill junk, elected representatives get huffy, advertisers get frightened and the audience defects to other networks.

Public television may be under even more restraints than commercial TV. If PTV broadcasts a documentary revealing that certain congressmen sit as directors of several banks, those same congressmen may vote PTV less money the following year. When it comes to better TV, we operate with a huge stick to beat such shows out of existence and no carrot to encourage them.

American broadcasters pay about $300 million a year in federal taxes, according to Federal Communications Commission officials. For the purposes of argument, let us propose that all this money is to be spent for better communications, so that the world's most powerful nation can understand itself more perfectly.

Half to two-thirds of the sum should go to public television, providing the permanent funding it so desperately needs. Of the rest, some should go to aid schools teaching television and related arts (drama, film, speech, dance, music, etc.), but a major segment of the money should go to monetary awards for the best, most creative radio and television shows of the year on public *and* commercial television. The awards should be substantial, enough to make creating fine radio and television profitable, and the money should be split between the artists, the producers (the people who finance the programs) and the stations. A local broadcaster might thus benefit if he carried a prize-winning program. If he censored such shows because they might offend the good citizens in the station's area, the broadcaster would lose a fat year-end bonus.

This is not some wild, visionary scheme designed to put broadcasters on the public dole. It is an adaptation (with special American modifications) of a legal agreement now in effect for the Swedish film industry.

Around 1963, television began cutting into movie-theater attendance and Swedish film production went into a decline. The government, the theater-owners, the unions, film distributors and producers sought to increase home-grown film products and to find a way to assure that Swedish film would be recognized for excellence the world over. The result was an agreement creating the Swedish Film Institute, which now gets 10 percent of the income from ticket sales in all Swedish cinemas. (The government agreed that it would not collect taxes on ticket sales and that the money would go to the Institute.)

Thirty percent of the Institute's income goes to direct support of feature-length films. Another 30 percent funds schools, archives, films for children, etc; 18 percent is for quality awards (more about that later); 15 percent for quality-award winners who need additional stipends; two percent for short film awards; and five percent for public relations.

The Institute has built Filmhuset, an imposing, modern structure near Stockholm, where studios, libraries, schools and administration are found under one roof.

The "quality awards" are determined by six experts, who must be completely independent of the film trade, plus the chairman of the Institute. The prizes can mean the difference between financial success and failure for the films that win them. The "experts" are usually newspaper critics and novelists, chosen by agreement between the government and the industry.

This panel is warned by the agreement that created the Institute to avoid "conformity of taste," to define "quality" in its broadest sense and to search for "innovation." Quality is further defined as "the intensity or freshness of its (the film's) interpretation of reality or its criticism of society, the level of psychological insight and spiritual experience, playful imaginativeness or visionary power, epic, dramatic or lyric values, the technical skill displayed in the manuscript, direction and acting."

Obviously, the Swedish agreement cannot be taken into the American system without substantial changes. Our commercial television industry does not need direct government support to guarantee its existence. But prizes can be cost effective because they do alter behavior (I was told that the system is working well in Sweden) and public television does need permanent financing if it is to avoid becoming a propaganda arm of whatever administration holds the White House.

Furthermore, this plan doesn't increase taxes on broadcasters, TV-set manufacturers or satellite-owners, the powerful lobbies adversely affected by previous suggestions for permanently financing PTV. It also uses a good old capitalistic inducement – pay the blighters to get them to do better shows.

The most serious objection to the idea is that congress may never consider it because public TV and the White House are so far apart these days they may never agree on anything again. Without the support of both, any plan to help the current sad state of the broadcasting art is doomed.

PTV officials expected to gain permanent financing this fall. One such plan actually floated through the back corridors of the White House this summer, only to be shelved because both sides couldn't agree on how the money was to be administered. The White House wanted it to go directly to the local PTV stations and PTV officials wanted the network to handle the funds.

Today there is growing warfare between the two groups. In October, a high White House official told an educational broadcasters' convention that PTV should stay out of politics or risk the loss of funding. The PTV bureauc-

(continued on page 34)

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JULES FEIFFER

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Compelled to Irritate

The Brass Ring by Bill Mauldin

(W. W. Norton; $7.95)

It's unsettling to have a man like Mauldin at large; he undercuts our self-esteem. For a quarter of a century his cartoons have spoofed our pretensions (not *our* pretensions, those of lieutenants and mayors and Presidents). But I'm not thinking of that; I'm thinking of the varieties of Mauldin's competence. He draws, paints, writes, flies, takes photographs, runs for Congress, – maybe he repairs cars, I wouldn't be surprised – and each is a discipline mastered, a craft; nothing is slipshod. Now *The Brass Ring*, "sort of a memoir."

A story for *Reader's Digest*: a boy who can draw before he can talk grows up in the Southwest; moves from school to school (he never graduates) as his honest but moneyless father picks up and drops one job after another; the parents separate in the boy's early teens; he borrows money for art school in Chicago, joins the army, becomes the most celebrated cartoonist of World War II, wins a Pulitzer prize, writes a best seller, is on the cover of *Time*. That's where *The Brass Ring* stops. And where *Reader's Digest* stops. For the frolicsome though not frivolous kid made it to the top and stayed there without being spoiled. How's that?

The answer is given by Bill Barrett, a GI journalist who worked with Mauldin on the *45th Division News* in Europe. At the time, as Mauldin records it, "*The Stars and Stripes* began seriously thinking of taking me on full-time." Don't do it, a friend said, "those bastards will ruin you, they'll corrupt you." Barrett disagreed: "It would be impossible to corrupt Mauldin," he said. Mauldin was and is embarrased by that remark. But Barrett gets an "A" for insight.

"Whenever I was bored," Mauldin writes of his childhood, "or felt unnoticed, even in classrooms where logically I should have welcomed anonymity, I felt compelled to irritate whoever was in charge." No boss has been safe since, and you'd think they'd scream for his head. They don't; they ask for the cartoon that knocks them. For Mauldin rarely humiliates; he's not a sorehead; meanness makes him uncomfortable. So does misrepresentation; that's part of his integrity: "I kept learning over and over that real life experiences were necessary to my drawings. If a drawing lacked authenticity, the idea behind it became ineffectual, too. This was especially true in the infantry, where a man lived intimately with a few pieces of equipment and resented seeing it pictured inaccurately. Once I drew the safety ring on the wrong side of a hand grenade hanging from a man's belt. It was a tiny thing, and I couldn't find a razor blade to scratch out the detail for a correction, so I was tempted to let it go. In the end, though, I signed my name backward and asked the engraver to reverse the whole drawing. I never regretted it."

Mauldin once said that he "joined the army at the age of 18 and after three weeks I decided that this was a young man's game, and I was too old for it." I wonder. He didn't exactly like spit and polish, but no admirer of Willie and Joe can doubt Mauldin's affection for the lower orders who grumblingly do their jobs. There's even a sneaking respect for the military life; ROTC in Arizona wasn't that bad: "If you didn't take ROTC you had to go out for sports or physical education. Being a prototype of the 97-pound weakling, I had long ago given up trying to do anything to improve my physique by doing handstands or knocking around with a ball of some sort and getting grass stains on my pants, and decided to wait for age and success to fill me out. The free ROTC uniform appealed to me too. Cadets were even allowed to wear them at night, which meant you could get along socially without buying a suit. Still another advantage of ROTC was its rifle club, which provided a target range and free ammunition. All in all, the military offered a great many little fringe benefits to kids who had no other way of obtaining them."

Then came the war, and when Willie and Joe became famous, Mauldin got a jeep of his own (the first new car the family ever owned, his father reminded him) and Mauldin comments: "Al-

This is a poem to my son Peter

whom I have hurt a thousand times
whose large and vulnerable eyes
have glazed in pain at my ragings
thin wrist and fingers hung
boneless in despair, pale freckled back
bent in defeat, pillow soaked
by my failure to understand.
I have scarred through weakness
and impatience your frail confidence forever
because when I needed to strike
you were there to be hurt and because
I thought you knew
you were beautiful and fair
your bright eyes and hair
but now I see that no one knows that
about himself, but must be told
and retold until it takes hold
because I think anything can be killed
after a while, especially beauty
so I write this for life, for love, for
you, my oldest son Peter, age 10,
going on 11.

PETER MEINKE

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though *Stars and Stripes* personnel usually had no reason to carry arms, I often carried an M-1 rifle in my rack. My rationalization was that I traveled alone a great deal off the beaten track in a country that was not unanimously friendly, but I think the real reason was that I was a New Mexico boy that had not outgrown a fondness for shiny hardware. For a while, I even had a tommy gun – not the standard issue, but a beautifully made Chicago gangster model, with knurled walnut stocks and a pistol grip on the forepiece." Then he adds, "After a few weeks I realized how ridiculous it was, took it out of the rack on the jeep, and replaced it with a rifle." Which he used once, on a worn-out cow. "The truth is that despite my fondness for weapons, I have always been fainthearted about using them on live things . . . . In the process of growing up on a farm, you have to do some bloody chores, such as killing chickens, but I hated it and felt bad afterward."

Don't be misled. Mauldin is tenderhearted, he handles all things with care, but he's opinionated, stubborn, partisan ("Lawrence of Israel," his kids call him); unlike Will Rogers he *has* met men he didn't like, and one of them was General Patton. This is his description of their confrontation: "I could see the General's desk at the far end of the room across an acre of carpet. There he sat, big as life even at that distance. His hair was silver, his face was pink, his collar and shoulders littered with more stars than I could count, his fingers sparkled with rings, and an incredible mass of ribbons started around desk top level and spread upward in a flood over his chest to the very top of his shoulder, as if preparing to march down his back too. His face was rugged, with an odd, strangely shapeless outline; his eyes were pale, almost colorless, with a choleric bulge. His small, compressed mouth was sharply downturned at the corners, with a lower lip which suggested a pouting child as much as a no-nonsense martinet. It was a welcome, rather human touch. Beside him, lying in a big chair, was Willie, the bull terrier. If ever dog was suited to master, this one was. Willie had his beloved boss's expression, and lacked only the ribbons and stars. I stood in that door staring into the four meanest eyes I'd ever seen."

Incorruptible by the world's vanities or his own. In *Up Front*, Mauldin said that he "hadn't tried to picture this war in a big, broadminded way. I'm not old enough to understand what it's all about, and I'm not experienced to judge its failures and successes." He's old enough now. *The Brass Ring* isn't just reminiscence. It's a meditated report on making it – and it's entertaining. The cartoons, the photographs of Mauldin, family and friends are a delight.

Gilbert A. Harrison

To Our Readers

The New Republic will not be published next week. The next issue will be dated January 1&8, 1972.

We Had Such Good Times

Memoirs of Montparnasse by John Glassco

(Oxford University Press; $6.50)

I am reviewing a book published in 1970 that received very little notice in this country. So far I have not met an American who has read it. In Canada, where the author, John Glassco, is respected in literary circles, it is on sale in some but not all of the larger bookstores: *Memoirs of Montparnasse*. The title calls to mind a whole genre of books, by Hemingway, Gertrude Stein, Henry Miller, Kay Boyle, and fourteen more authors, at a hasty count, all more or less acquainted with each other and all except Miller given to dropping the same names. The author of one book reappears as a derided character in another, while the reader grumbles, "Are you here again?" But Glassco's book, published from a manuscript nearly forty years old, is fresher and truer to the moment than the others, as well as being more novelistic and, in a sense, legendary.

The others – again with an exception for *Tropic of Cancer* – were written long after the events they colored with various shades of repentance, resentment, and nostalgia. Glassco was writing on the very scene, then soon after leaving it, so that events baldly happen instead of being reconstructed. He is a poet, not a novelist, but he has an instinct for telling stories and his life enforced on him a paradigmatic plot. He becomes such another *exemplum* as Scott Fitzgerald, but with an important distinction. Fitzgerald made his experience seem representative by regarding himself as a figure in history. Glassco regards himself as a figure in literature or legend: he is young Tom Rakewell in *The Rake's Progress;* he is Faust tempted by Mephistopheles; and toward the end he is Keats's knight-at-arms. "Oh what can ail thee, man-at-arms, alone and palelee loitering?" Mrs. Quayle misquotes in a husky Boston whisper when she finds him alone in a bar on the rue du Montparnasse. She looks at him with "the fixed, mindless stare of a predatory bird" and we recognize her as *la belle Dame sans Merci.* Mephistopheles appears as Serge Kirilenko, "an off-white Russian photographer" looking prosperous in an astrakhan cap and an overcoat with a fur collar. The author himself, while playing Faust and knight-at-arms, remains a precocious Canadian boy with a sharp eye and an accurate ear.

But the story. . . . John Glassco – "Buffy," as everyone learned to call him – came to Montparnasse in February 1928, very late in its occupation by transatlantic writers and hangers-on of the arts, but with advantages over most of the early colonists. He was younger, only eighteen; he had read more books – chiefly the English and French Decadents, but with a background in the classics; he spoke French passably well; he had good manners and an exquisite lack of moral preconceptions. Also he had an allowance from his father of $100 a month, on which he proposed to live and support his friend Graeme Taylor, who was trying to write the great Canadian novel. "The first thing we found was

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that with the franc at four cents we were much richer than in Montreal," Buffy says. "I don't think the rate of exchange is always given its proper importance as an element in the charm of Paris."

Buffy met everybody. Elderly men of letters – George Moore, Frank Harris, Ford Madox Ford – were impressed by his familiarity with their work and pictured him as a renewal of themselves at eighteen. Old dikes, young whores, apprentice lesbians, transvestites, painted aunties, nymphomaniacs all looked at his fresh, unstubbled cheeks, his blond pompadour, his slim body, and crowded round him shouting, so I imagine, "Meat! Meat!" as cannibals used to shout when going into battle. Buffy smiled and let it be known that he was writing his memoirs. He even started them, although, he says, "It was more fun to play at being a writer." But writing was fun, too, especially when his first chapter was printed in *This Quarter* and one of his surrealist poems was accepted by *transition*. On Bastille Day he rode through Paris in an open taxi, while "the city swam in a haze of heat and happiness. The driver was one of the best, and as he raced down the boulevards, blowing his horn like a berserk elephant, I had an experience of absolute ecstasy."

Paris, however, was becoming unbearably hot and also difficult in other ways, since Buffy's father had reduced his allowance to $50 a month. Robert McAlmon, the bitter homosexual novelist, took the two Canadians to Nice, where living was cheaper. There they met Stanley, a simple-minded earth goddess from Winnipeg, and shared her favors as well as her allowance, which was larger than Buffy's. When Stanley moved in with them, McAlmon moved out. They spent the winter of 1928-29 "sunk in greed, sloth, and sensuality," Buffy says, "the three most amiable vices in the catalogue." Then the landlord began padding their bills, money ran short, and they skipped off, leaving behind a trunk weighted down with Buffy's coonskin coat.

Everything turned bad from that moment. Their new flat in Paris had bedbugs. Stanley left them for a solicitous English girl, whom she described as "a very down-to-earth person – really basic and sincere." In the summer Graeme Taylor heard that his father was dying and the consulate paid his way to Montreal. Then Buffy's father, outraged by the chapter of memoirs in *This Quarter*, cut off the rest of his allowance. His friends advised him to follow Taylor home; "The party's over," they said. He couldn't accept their sound advice because he was doubly in love: with Paris and with Mrs. Quayle. A few days later he found that she had given him gonorrhea.

The experience kept them apart, even after both had cured themselves by leading ascetic lives, but it also created a bond between them. Meanwhile, with most of his American friends driven out of the Quarter by the Wall Street crash, Buffy had to find means of supporting himself. He had come to think that Paris was a great machine for stimulating all the senses; now he was forced to see it from the underside, as one of the operatives who were miserably paid to keep the machine going. Already he had written a pornographic book – in French – and the publisher had tried to cheat him out of his fee. He had typed manuscripts for Richard Le Gallienne in his dotage and the Dayang Muda of Sarawak without being paid in cash. At the instance of Serge Kirilenko, he had earned a thousand francs by posing with two whores for filthy postcards. He had indulged in an orgy of writing poems until his money was gone and he was evicted from his room. Now, on the last warm night of November, he slept under the Pont Neuf after arguing for his place with a drunken beggar. The weather turned cold next morning. In a little bar he ran into Kirilenko, who suggested this time that he become a stud for prosperous old maids and widows. A businesswoman would provide the bedroom, for half the proceeds, and would recommend him to her clients as "a healthy, clean, affectionate and reliable young Canadian."

"Then shall I put you on her little list?" Kirilenko asked. "You will find the employment rather tedious, perhaps, but more rewarding than poetry."

Buffy says that homeless, cold, and hungry he made the classic response: "You might as well."

He lived for some weeks as a prostitute, with a sense of degradation, but McAlmon came back to Paris and rescued him; McAlmon had a generous side that redeemed his bitterness. They gave a big party together for a Negro theatrical troupe, the Blackbirds. Mrs. Quayle reappeared at the party and, as in Keat's poem, Buffy was borne away to her elfin grot – in this case a luxurious apartment near the Etoile. There he spent the winter as her privileged slave without ever going back to Montparnasse. On one occasion he searched for his poems, stored at the bottom of a trunk, but they had disappeared. "I looked them all over and burnt them," Mrs. Quayle explained. "They were quite unworthy of you, my lovely child."

The story breaks off at this point, two years after Glassco arrived in Paris, but there is a brief note to explain what happened afterward. Mrs. Quayle took her lovely child to Majorca, where she owned a villa. After a time she found another lover and moved him into the villa; Glassco began spitting blood. Mrs. Quayle bundled him off to the American Hospital in Neuilly, where the surgeons collapsed one of his lungs. A more radical treatment, thoracoplasty, was then advised, and the patient went back to Montreal. While waiting for the second operation, from which he was told that he had an even chance for survival, he worked feverishly to complete his memoirs. He had calculated the time he would need and set up a schedule, but the operation was moved forward a week, leaving the last two chapters unwritten. Yes, Glassco survived, but he never went back to the book.

It was published last year with very few changes, the author says, except in names like that of *la belle Dame sans Merci*. We should be grateful for having it in the original state. Besides embodying a fable, it presents the most accurate picture of Montparnasse that I have seen; this is the way it was. The book also explains, if only by implication, why so many persons have written memoirs of that time and place. Things have changed in Montparnasse as elsewhere, and the new generation cannot recapture that immense heedlessness, that belief in art – when there was time for it – or that energy and greed in the pursuit of pleasure. It was an age of Yes that the memoirists remember in the age of No. "Yes," they all seem to say even when bitching or apologizing or recounting disasters, "we had such good times."

Malcolm Cowley

NOTES ON CONTRIBUTORS

NORMAN MARK *is a TV critic for the* Chicago Daily News. JOHN FELSTINER *teaches English at Stanford University.* MALCOLM COWLEY *was associate editor of* The New Republic *for 15 years.* PETER MEINKE *is on sabbatical in Switzerland from Florida Presbyterian College.*

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Pablo Neruda
Nobel Prize at Isla Negra

When the Chilean poet Gabriela Mistral received the Nobel Prize in 1945, she said that though it was "an honor for my country, I am sorry it was not given to Neruda, our greatest creator." Ever since then he has been spoken of as the likely, the inevitable, the spectacularly ignored candidate. Sartre, declining the prize in 1964, said Neruda should have gotten it. Finally the Swedish Academy, with an uncomfortable lack of grace, has chosen him. Pablo Neruda at 67 is no longer an opposition figure but the Ambassador to France of Salvador Allende's Popular Unity government. Though he still writes, "like breathing," the strength and surprise of his major work lie behind him: several years ago his *Obras completas* were collected for the third time, nearly 1500 poems written over half a century. The recognition the prize embodies (for no real reason outside its money value) comes ridiculously late.

Yet this year, as before, the prize has symbolic value. It points to Chile's socialist experiment, which, while Neruda went to Stockholm last week, was challenged by diatribe, riots, and repression. In that light, some of his brief, musing acceptance speech was particularly moving: "I return to the streets of my childhood, to the winter of their southern America, to Araucania's lilac gardens." He represented "the many who surround me here with their invisible presence . . . the forgotten of the earth, who . . . seem more real to me than my poetry," and ended by saying that the poet fills his white page with "blood and darkness."

In 1963 Neruda seized the occasion of not receiving the prize to publish a commentary in the Chilean Communist paper *El Siglo*. In an ironic frame, "Nobel Prize at Isla Negra" touches on the same motives as the Nobel speech:

> When they said it on the radio, over and over, that my name among others was being discussed for the Nobel Prize in Literature, Matilde and I put into effect Plan No. 3 for Domestic Defense. We put a huge padlock on the old door at Isla Negra and equipped ourselves with food and red wine. I added a few detective stories to this cloistered prospect. . . .
>
> On the South Pacific littoral this year of 1963, spring has been late in coming. I used these solitary days to get to know the ocean spring. . . . Close to the great dying flower [a century plant at Neruda's house], here is another huge one springing up. Nobody outside my country will recognize it. Called *chahual (puya chilensis)*, it exists only on these antarctic shores. This ancestral plant was worshiped by the Araucanians: now the ancient Arauco lands are gone. Blood, death, time and then the epic harp of Ercilla completed the old story: the tribe out of clay that woke abruptly from the earth's crust and set out to defend its home against invaders. Seeing its flowers surge again over centuries of obscure deaths, layers and layers of forgotten blood, I believe that the earth's past is blossoming against what we are, against what we now are. . . .
>
> Just now the radio announces that a good Greek poet [George Seferis] has gotten the famous prize. At last Matilde and I rest easy. Solemnly we take down the old padlock for all the world to go on entering the doorways of my house without knocking, without announcements. As spring does.

Neruda's insistent nativeness (he once rebuked Spanish-American poets of his youth for writing about May as if it were a spring month) emerges before anything else in this piece. His life has followed an arc like that of Chile's incredible geography. He grew up in Temuco south of the Bio-Bio River, a rainy, forested region that gives his early poetry its melancholy, dense threading. The great happiness of his life, he says, was campaigning in the hard mining and desert provinces of the north and being elected Communist senator in 1945. Now he lives above a rocky beach in central Chile, and looks out from his writing desk at "the ocean overflowing its insatiable cup."

Neruda's political and his poetic calling fused under the shock of the Spanish Civil War, when he was Chilean consul in Madrid. "The world has changed and my poetry has changed," he wrote, and left behind the desolate surreality of *Residencia en la tierra (Dwelling on the Earth,* 1925-35). Later in Mexico, with the example of his friends Rivera and Siqueiros, his "Canto a Stalingrado" was posted on the walls of the city. In the Chilean Senate he fought a pro-American president, and when the Communists were outlawed in 1948, began four years of militant exile (the US, England, and France denied him visas). He adopted an attitude toward this country that has not changed since: anger at Wall Street and Washington, love for the plains farmer, Lincoln, the Wobblies. In 1967 he staged an anti-Yankee operetta in Santiago, *Brilliance and Death of Joaquin Murieta,* about a nineteenth-century Chilean bandit in California, hunted and killed by vigilantes.

Generally, his Spanish anger and Cold War stance have relaxed in the last 20 years, with fervent sonnets to his wife Matilde Urrutia, hundreds of odes on simple, concrete things (an artichoke, envy, wire, socks, sand), and verses that show a skeptical and private spirit. He accepts the secular rhythm of life. Plants and waves die and renew themselves, autumn and spring invade.

Why has Neruda been an obscure name in the United States, yet the best-known poet of the rest of the world? Partly because he falls outside the Anglo-European tradition that T.S. Eliot and Robert Lowell equip us to recognize. His presiding spirit, Walt Whitman, this country has not yet assimilated. And Latin America lies too close, our relations have been too utilitarian, for us to get a true sense of it. We have by and large a sand-table image of Indian civilization, we are told to remember the *Maine,* or the halls of Montezuma. Above all, we cannot tolerate communism in the Western hemisphere, whereas to Chileans the Party is a familiar presence, almost domesticated. Until the late sixties very little of Neruda's poetry was available in English. Translations are now appearing every year: he has made his impact as an anti-academic, an open partisan, and a celebrant of the elemental, sensual forces that often meant disaster in Eliot's poetry.

When Neruda made his powerful appearance at the P.E.N. Congress in New York in 1966, he remarked that his country had been founded by a

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poet. Ercilla's sixteenth-century epic *La Araucana* describes the resistance to Spanish domination of Chile's Araucanian Indians, who continued unconquered for two centuries (but are now in a cultural backwater). Neruda's urging of native anti-imperialist virtues impelled the epic *Canto general* (1950), three hundred poems ranging from unnamed rivers, untouched minerals, wild plants, condors, and the Inca city of Macchu Picchu, through the conquest, independence, and exploitation of Latin America, to his own exile. He is Latin America's popular poet in a sense we can hardly understand in this country: unliterate people know his verses, workingmen and their families crowd to hear him at rallies and recitals. In 1970 he ran as Communist candidate for the presidency, speaking twice a day throughout Chile, then gave way and campaigned for Allende.

There is sometimes room for doubt about the genuineness of this public role, not because Neruda in his isolated home is also an epicure and collector, but because the political options in his poetry can seem uncritical or calculated. For a while, in the spirit of socialist realism, he kept *Residencia en la tierra* from being reprinted or translated because of its pessimism and complexity; to those who call this a false gesture, he recalls emotionally a young Chilean suicide who was found holding a copy of the book. Adversaries of Neruda point to his hollow propagandist verse: "To be men! This is / the Stalinist Law! / To be Communist is hard./ You must learn it." But he has also written with unquestionable, root intensity about Cortes, poverty, dictatorship, Banana Republics, Vietnam.

When Neruda crosses his view of the world with his own temper and situation, as in his speech and the 1963 piece, he commands most interest. He engages with death and rebirth, and gives us the shock of "the earth's past . . . blossoming against what we now are," which is the form of revolution in Neruda's profoundest poetry. Within the massive witness of *Canto general*, in *Alturas de Macchu Picchu* (1945), Neruda passes through the alienating landscape of his earlier poetry to discover the beautifully constructed stone city, the Andes that kept it from Spanish hands, and the slaves who built it. The poem closes:

Tell me everything, chain by chain,
link by link, step by step,
sharpen the knives you kept with you,
drive them into my breast and my hands
like riving bolts of light,
like a springing of jaguars under ground,
and let me weep, hours, days, years,
blind ages, stellar centuries.

Give me silence, water, hope.

Give me struggle, iron, volcanoes.

Fasten your bodies like magnets to me.

Come into my veins and my mouth.

Speak through my words and my blood.

John Felstiner

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In Brief

Children In Urban Society: Juvenile Delinquency in Nineteenth-Century America by Joseph M. Hawes

(Oxford; $8.50)

The way children are brought up in a particular society tells us a lot about that society – as Philippe Aries demonstrated so thoroughly in his *Centuries of Childhood*. Professor Joseph Hawes has now written a book that deserves to be mentioned in the same breath as the book by Aries – no small achievement. Like Aries, Hawes wants to look at society with the detachment of a historian; and in turn he wants us to know that children, be they without apparent problems or severely troubled, have not always obtained from their elders (parents, teachers, policemen, judges) the same general philosophical and psychological approach they are apt to get today. In the nineteenth century children were, in many respects, treated as adults: morally responsible, equipped with all the resources of mind and soul any citizen *ought* have – unless he or she be damned, in which case there is little to be done except exact the Lord's punishment with all deliberate speed. Such self-confidence, such undeterred, unembarrassed, moralistic self-righteousness smacks all too much of the Calvinist spirit that flourished rather widely in the first years of the Republic. Children were held as accountable as their parents; the point was to work, obey the rules, stay in line – or else. And if a child proved wayward in one or another respect, he or she was punished exactly like any other outlaw or criminal or deviant individual. Slowly things changed, though; as the nineteenth century moved along a whole new way of looking at children developed. Now boys and girls were seen as impressionable and vulnerable, hence in need of special care if they got into trouble. Moreover, delinquent children were increasingly viewed as victims rather than willfully evil trouble-makers.

It is a pleasure to go through this book. The author writes exceedingly well, has a wide grasp of American and European social history, conveys quietly his compassion for the children he writes about – and not least, uses what at first seems like a rather limited subject of inquiry as means of analyzing a whole range of assumptions we in America have recently come to hold dear. Professor Hawes gives his book order (and vitality, too) by calling upon particular individuals and institutions, sketching their significance, and only then coming forth with larger generalizations. Slowly and not without substantial difficulty men like Charles Loring Brace and Theodore Lyman, and later on, Ben Lindsey and William Healy succeeded in establishing much needed protection for this nation's poor and wayward children; not for *all* such children, and not full protection, but a necessary and firm beginning in the form of the juvenile courts, special clinics, supervised schools and foster homes. And then there were the "ladies," as they were called – those stubborn and courageous women of Chicago who would not keep silent and go along with the status quo, and instead investigated scandalous conditions, "the abominations of a great city." The ladies fought to end child labor, fought for better

COMING

"O'Hara's poems are buoyant, exuberant, wild, personal. . . . They are the result of an unfamiliar aesthetic assumption: that what is really right there, in the poet's thoughts, fantasies and feelings, is what is richest in possibility. . . ." From Kenneth Koch's review of *The Collected Poems of Frank O'Hara.*

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schools, for an end to the confinement of delinquent children with hardened criminals, and on and on. Mr. Hawes documents their victory, our nation's victory, but leaves us with little reason for self-congratulation. At the end of his book we are told of a "growing awareness" in this country of the needs children have. Since thousands and thousands of children in our rural areas and our ghettoes still grow up under awful circumstances indeed, the moment of *full* awareness still eludes us – not to mention all those boys and girls.

Gideon's Art
by J. J. Marric
(Harper & Row; $5.95)

Why are the Gideon detective stories so readable? Not because their author takes time. Out they come, one after another, and simultaneously J. J. Marric is writing other books under other names. Does he have elves in the attic cutting, sewing, patching? No matter. Gideon's Scotland Yard adventures are unfailingly enjoyable; in this latest, as in the others, each piece has its place, nothing is lost, the puzzle is complete, and a compassionate justice triumphs.

Correspondence

Full Employment

Sirs:

I am writing to salute Melville Ulmer ("The Non-Answer to Nixonomics," *NR*, Dec. 11, 1971), for a penetrating and courageous analysis of the default of the Democratic Party on the issue of employment policy. Economic journalism of this calibre is hard to come by. Thus, the following comments are intended to embellish rather than to criticize.

Ulmer assumes that increases in the demand for private goods and services do not get translated into significant increases in the derived demand for unskilled labor because of a "twist" in the technology of producing such products, a "twist" which has made unskilled workers obsolete (this is an idea first developed by a distinguished labor economist, Charles Killingsworth). There is, however, mounting evidence that many private companies employ less of such labor than would be dictated by an unbiased consideration of technology and relative costs, especially when this labor is black, female or teenaged. It is their fear of unorthodox allocations of labor (e.g. women operatives, black foremen) which private employers are responding to, rather than (or – to be more precise – in addition to) the objective dictates of technology.

Ulmer believes that there exist alternative technologies for producing public goods and services, that some of these alternatives are intensive users of unskilled labor, and that the government can (and should) select such "techniques of production" as a deliberate matter of political-economic policy, whether or not they are the most "efficient" of the alternatives available. I would add that the government has it within its power to forcefully reduce – and over a reasonable period of time, to completely eliminate – race, sex and class discrimination within its ranks. The choice of unskilled-labor-intensive techniques will expand *total* (public) employment. The anti-discrimination efforts will generate a more equitable distribution of the earnings flowing from that employment. . . . At least one policy instrument for enforcing nondiscriminatory practices in private industry comes readily to mind: the *vigorous* use of government contract cancellations. The analogous instrument for the public sector would be the withholding of grants-in-aid to sub-federal governments.

Both Ulmer's article and this letter have emphasized the employment issue. It is worth noting, however, that there are some extremely high costs which will have to be paid in order to purchase full employment in the manner suggested by Ulmer, and his exercise in social accounting (e.g. add in the extra wages, subtract out the savings in unemployment insurance and welfare) fails to identify these. A policy such as that which he advocates would have the effect of substituting public for private output. Under realistic assumptions about future rates of real national growth, this probably implies a redistribution of national income from profits to wages. Since the public and private sectors do not (for the most part) produce the same things, it also implies a shift in the composition of GNP, which means that not only will owners of capital suffer as a class, but individual businessmen will undoubtedly carry a disproportionate burden. Finally, the imposition of a constraint on production – that full employment must be maintained, even at the cost of efficiency – makes it likely that real GNP would not grow as rapidly as it might under less than full employment. These are revolutionary changes, going far beyond a mere "reordering of priorities."

One may well join Ulmer in wondering aloud whether there exists a Democrat (or any other national politician) with the courage to espouse such a program.

Bennett Harrison
University of Maryland

In reply:

Mr. Harrison's comments go so weirdly astray on two elementary points that I can only suppose that he wrote and mailed his letter before reading the last word in the title of my article. His first error relates to the difference between a proportionate and an absolute change. My plan would result in expanding the output of public goods – environmental care, mass transportation, and the like – not only as a *proportion* of the nation's production, but as a *net addition* to the total. The new public goods would be provided by the efforts of formerly idle resources: the unemployed who would be given jobs in government. The output of private goods – food, autos, etc. – would at a minimum remain the same, temporarily, but later would increase. Hence the total GNP would rise at an unprecedented rate and through this full use of the nation's potential, for the first time outside war periods, economic growth would be vastly accelerated. Good sense, not courage, is required for politicians to support such a plan, and many of them have already indicated that they will. All this, of course, is just the opposite of the picture Mr. Harrison draws.

His second error relates to discrimination. My proposal would provide jobs in government for those who cannot get them in private industry, *whatever the reason*, including prejudice in race, sex, creed or age (affecting the over 50, as well as teenagers). Yet the tragedy of discrimination must be distinguished from the evils of economic instability. Discrimination determines *who* will be unemployed, not how many. Although poverty is often equated with black ghettos, and blacks obviously do suffer the most, *relatively* speaking, it is worth remembering that in the representative recession year of 1970, more than 80 percent of the unemployed, and of the poor generally were white. Full employment without inflation, toward which my article was directed, would help men and women of all colors.

Melville J. Ulmer

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Missile Myth

Sirs:

In an article by Herbert Scoville, Jr. ("Missile Myths-I: A Soviet First Strike?" Oct. 2, 1971) you added an editorial note which, after commenting on the number of existing Soviet ICBMs and operational missile firing submarines, reads as follows: "Numbers, of course, say nothing definitive about a first-strike capability or intent."

I fail to understand what the phrase "nothing definitive" means in such a context. Numbers are, of course, the definitive criteria in any first-strike capability. I personally could not care less about the day-to-day intent of the Kremlin Leaders which is, of course, constantly subject to change, absent sufficient numbers of missiles to give them such a first-strike capability. I hope you will pardon my saying so, but to state that numbers say nothing definitive about a first-strike capability is to write nonsense.

In the article proper Mr. Scoville states that Secretary Laird first raised the first-strike alarm by stating on March 21, 1969, that the Soviet Union is "going for a first-strike capability and there is no question about it." Mr. Scoville then states that Secretary Laird "retreated" to the position that the Russians were acquiring the forces that would provide them with such a capability. I must confess that the distinction between those two remarks is lost on me.

Further on, Mr. Scoville states "we must remember that a first strike that is only 50% or even 95% effective is a disaster for the Soviet Union since few or even one thermonuclear explosion on its cities in retaliation would be a catastrophe." Surely one such explosion would be acceptable to eliminate the United States as a military threat to the Soviet Union if the situation in the world at that time was such that the Kremlin leaders were seriously considering a war. A National leadership that lived through the 900 days of Leningrad, the seige of Moscow and the Stalingrad campaign is hardly likely to shrink at the prospect of losing one of its cities; if that city, or even several of them, could be traded for the elimination of the United States.

Although it is no doubt true that the Soviet Union would not risk a first strike on our Minute-Man ICBMs if our manned bomber force (rapidly becoming obsolete absent the advent of the B-1) and the polaris-poseidon missile firing submarine system were not also simultaneously eliminated, Mr. Scoville is stretching the point when he makes mention of our bombers based on carriers since Mr. Scoville surely knows that such bombers have insufficient range to be a true "strategic" deterent and that those carriers are extremely vulnerable to Soviet countermeasures while attempting to maneuver close enough to the Soviet mainland to launch such attacks.

Mr. Scoville goes on to state that "while the Soviets have a modest anti-submarine warfare program, they could not have a force which could destroy the polaris fleet in this decade or probably the next and have apparently not even made a major effort to have one." That is simply not true. The Soviet Navy, the world's second largest, is built around Hunter-Killer task forces whose task it is to hunt down and destroy American aircraft carriers and missile launching submarines. These task forces are built around the new class of Soviet helicopter carriers (the Moskva being the first of this class). Three of these ships presently exist and more are being built. All new Soviet light crusiers and destroyers have anti-submarine warfare capabilities and more of these vessels are also presently being built (they presently number 177 vessels not including smaller escorts). As to whether or not these ships could destroy the polaris fleet in this decade, no one, not even Mr. Scoville is in a position to answer that question. Apropos of that, it is to be pointed out that neither the polaris nor the poseidon missile is a true intercontinental ballistic missile in that their range is far less than that of the Minute-Man Missiles. Our missile-firing submarines, like our carriers, must maneuver far closer to the Soviet mainland than they would have to if they were equipped with true ICBMs. In any event, the Soviet Union is definitely making a major effort in their anti-submarine warfare program.

In an attempt to downgrade the Soviet SS-9 program, Mr. Scoville gratuitously adds that "the Russians have, over the years, been prejudiced in the direction of very large weapons systems." One *could* substitute the phrase "sensibly oriented" for the word "prejudiced." All that can be said, with any degree of certainty regarding the utility of very large warheads, is that the Soviet strategic planners and the Pentagon have come to different conclusions. Reasonable men differ, but Mr. Scoville then compounds the original gratuity by stating "but with this history of the desire of the Russian Military to have the biggest weapons it should not surprise us that they would deploy a very large missile." The Soviet Union has no full-sized aircraft carriers. The T-54, T-55 and the T-62 Soviet tanks are lighter than their American and British counterparts. They have no aircraft as large as the C5A. Their long-range field piece is of 130mm, ours is 175mm. The MIG 15 and 17 were lighter than American Sabre-jets. The MIG 19 was lighter than the F-100. The MIG 21s are lighter than our F-4s, F-10s or F-8s. The Soviets adopted an interim sized rifle cartridge before the Western Allies adopted the similar NATO round and long before the United States adopted the necked-down 22 caliber round used in our M-16. The Soviet Union's RPG-7 rocket launcher is lighter and smaller than its American counterpart. Soviet submarines are generally smaller than their American counterparts. The Soviets have the world's lightest squad light machine gun and the Soviet Union leads the world in the development of short-range light weight tactical rocket launchers. I may be wrong but I believe the Saturn booster is as large as any used by the Soviets. Concede that the United States has some weapons lighter or smaller than their Soviet counterparts, it is, nevertheless, difficult to give much credence to Mr. Scoville's remark that the Soviet Military desires to have the biggest weapons. They surely want the most efficient.

As I was writing this, two more developments in this controversy have occurred. First, an investigatory committee of the Operations Research Society of America, a committee not comprised of ABM supporters, has scathingly criticized the testimony given before Congress by "anti-ABM" scientists on the grounds of intellectual dishonesty. The investigation was initiated by Albert Wohlstetter, nuclear weapons expert of the RAND Corporation, after he listened incredulously to the out and out nonsense being fobbed-off as scientific fact by the ABM critics.

Second, the knowledgeable and prestigious editors of "Jane's All The

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World's Weapons Systems" have, in their 1971-72 edition confirmed most of what Laird and the Pentagon have been saying about Soviet strategic weaponry.

James R. Rumbaugh
Chicago, Illinois

In reply:

I should like to comment on a few points. The editors' note stated that numbers say nothing *definitive* about a first-strike capability, and I agree with this view since numbers of missile launchers alone do not determine a first-strike capability. In fact, they are only a small part of the problem. Much more important would be the number and accuracy of MIRV warheads which are carried in any strategic missile. For example, with suitable accuracy, 300 ICBMs carrying 6 MIRVs each would be more effective as a first-strike weapon than the 450 ICBMs with 3 MIRVs which has been postulated by the administration as the critical Soviet threat. Of course, if all other factors are equal, then numbers are, as you say, important.

While I don't wish to make too much of the differences between the two versions of Secretary Laird's statements since they are very subtle, I believe that the first statement was taken to indicate a Soviet intention, while the latter implied that the acquisition of a first-strike capability could have been coincidental. Unfortunately, an awful lot was made of this difference in the testimony by the Defense Department at that time.

I still believe that a first strike that was only 95% effective would be a disaster for the Soviet Union, and even one thermonuclear explosion which could essentially wipe out Moscow or Leningrad would be a catastrophe. I would think even one such explosion would be unacceptable to the Soviet Union unless they were convinced that there was a direct nuclear threat to their homeland in any case. Certainly they could not conceive initiating a nuclear war if they knew that 5% of the US strategic force could retaliate against the Soviet Union. By Secretary Laird's own figures of last February, we now have 4600 nuclear weapons in our strategic force loadings and this number has increased since that time. Five percent of this would mean between 200 and 300 nuclear explosions in the Soviet Union, with yields ranging from several times the Hiroshima-Nagasaki bombs to many megatons. Clearly this would eliminate the Soviet Union as a nation. One Poseidon submarine alone could deliver 160 such weapons on the USSR. I cannot think of what they would gain from the elimination of the US that would warrant such a risk. While forward-based nuclear delivery systems are not an essential element in the US strategic force, nevertheless, from a Soviet planner's point of view, these must be considered a threat as long as they have the range to reach Russian cities. The Russian sensitivity in this connection was demonstrated by their early insistence on their being included in the definition of strategic weapons at SALT. The need to eliminate such forces in a first strike would certainly complicate such an operation and this has been recognized by SAC's planners since President Eisenhower's days.

While it is true that the Soviets have been building up their ASW forces, these are still a long way from providing any real threat to our submarine deterrent. This has been stated over and over again by all military experts including the Chairman of the Joint Chiefs and the Chief of Naval Operations. While it is technically feasible to sink an occasional submarine, to simultaneously eliminate the approximately 30 submarines which might be at sea at one time is not considered practical with foreseeable technology. A wide-area ocean detection system combined with some techniques for destroying at a given moment the continuously tracked vessels would be required. This would clearly be visible long in advance of its deployment and many countermeasures would be available to the US forces. There is no evidence that the Soviets have been aiming toward such a capability despite the buildups in their helicopter carriers, etc., which are not particularly adaptable to this type of operation. I believe most experts would agree with me that a threat to the Polaris deterrent cannot develop in this decade.

Although I am quite willing to concede that the Soviets have shown an interest in light tactical military weapons, I believe that on the whole analysis would support my conclusions of their interest in large strategic weapons. Their first ICBM, the SS-6, was so large that they actually refrained from extensive deployment. Their subsequent ICBMs have in general also been larger than our military would have considered necessary. The same propensity for size was demonstrated in their nuclear weapons testing with several tests above 20 megatons including the one capable of 100 megatons. In view of the questionable military value of a bomb of this yield, one must draw the conclusion that this development was carried out largely because of Soviet interest in being able to boast about the largest weapons. While the US has built the Saturn booster which is larger than any Soviet booster, we have used this for space, not military purposes, since it would be far more effective to have more, smaller weapons.

I do not believe it is profitable at this point to get into a detailed rebuttal of the report of the Operations Research Society of American which only investigated the points raised by one of its members, Albert Wohlstetter, and failed to look at the testimony on the ABM debate as a whole. In fact, most of the points raised by the anti-ABM scientists have since been conceded by the administration. The threat postulated has not, some three years later, developed, and a program for developing an effective ABM defense of Minuteman has been instituted because of the admitted weaknesses of the Safeguard system for this purpose.

I have not yet seen the recent edition of "Jane's All the World's Weapons System" but I do know, and it has been confirmed by Defense spokesmen, that the Soviet SS-9 missile program is significantly behind that forecast by Secretary Laird in 1969. It has also been confirmed that the Soviets have not yet even begun testing a MIRV system of the type that could threaten our Minuteman although this was originally claimed by Secretary Laird and others to have been begun in 1968. There have never in recent years been any disagreements on the weapons deployed or under construction. It is only on the extrapolations into the future that we have been led astray by statements of exaggerated threats.

Herbert Scoville, Jr.

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You Call That Fair?

Sirs:

Judith Trenholme's complaint in your *Correspondence* column about the lack of women in editorially responsible positions on your masthead precipitated a search back through *New Republic* '71 issues. The results of this search are as follows. Of 450 signed articles, poems and book reviews in NR during '71 (through Dec. 3), only 5 articles were by women (2 appear as coauthors), 6 book reviews and 4 poems.

As a writer with her own share of query rejections from NR, I'd be interested to hear whether NR regards this 15 out of 450 rate as acceptable?

Eunice L. Corfman
Bethesda, Md.

Mark *from page 24*

racy said that was political interference. Amid charge and countercharge, public television is certain to be stymied until 1973 and possibly crippled forever. (Actually the politics *of* TV, as distinguished from the politics *on* TV, has become so complicated that to describe it as warfare between two groups is a bit melodramatic. There will be later columns on this.)

To solve the current deadlock, I'd like to see a compromise. Of the federal taxes going to support PTV under this plan, a fourth or more should directly aid the network. The rest should be sent to the local stations with this provision: a fourth or more of the money that the stations receive should be earmarked by law to be returned to the PTV network to fund series of the local station's choice. In this way, the network would have enough money to create the shows it feels the nation needs, and the local stations would have enough leverage to demand the programs they wish.

The White House obviously believes the local public TV stations will be conservative enough to represent the President's interests. Many observers of PTV would like to see a nationwide PTV network with the muscle needed to investigate what it wants when it wants and to tell us what it has learned. A compromise might satisfy both goals.

I can already hear the other hoots that will greet this proposal. How do you guarantee that the Eastern Establishment, conservatives, Jews, blacks, commies, Archie Bunkers or anyone my side doesn't like won't take over the awards and encourage the kind of shows they want to see? (In Sweden, the government and the industry submit lists of experts independent of both. The lists have been in remarkable agreement.) How do you apply what works in a country of eight million people to 200 million argumentative souls? Who cares what's on television anyhow? We've got the FCC, what more do we need? Will President Nixon buy that proposal? Will Congress earmark funds? And on and on and on.

Nevertheless, I think the idea deserves investigation as one way to fight mental pollution. It would be better than allowing radio and TV to remain the way they are now. Anything would.

Personals

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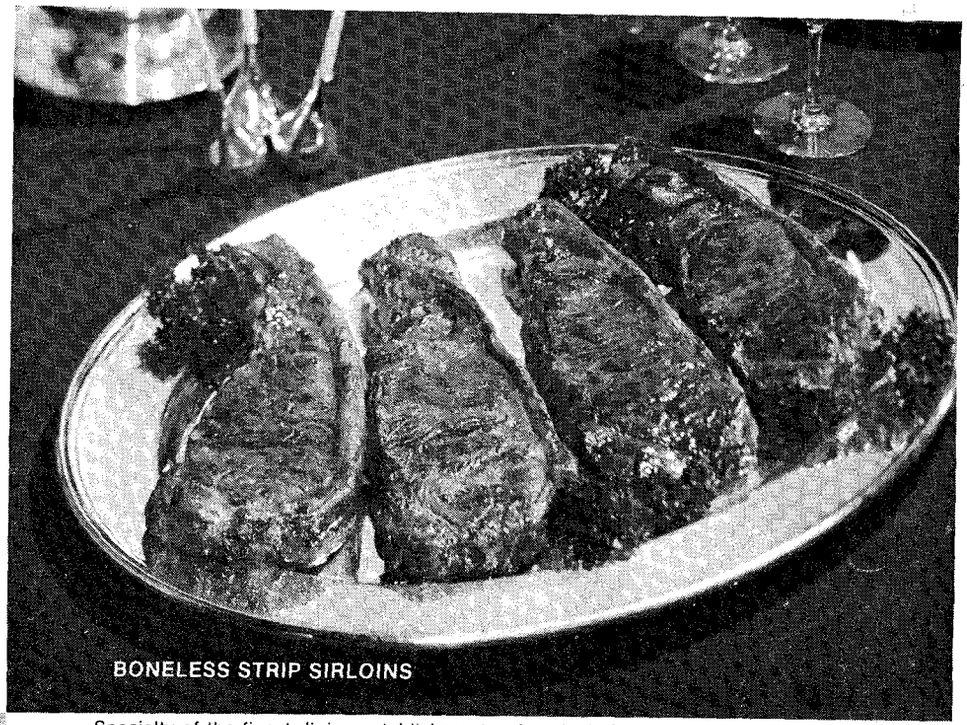

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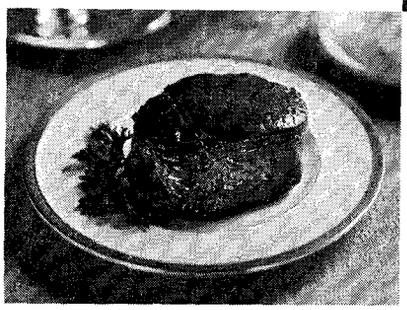

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